

# The Nation

VOL. XX., No. 6.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1916.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 13d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	193	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Penguin ...	210
The Kingdom of Poland ...	196	REVIEWS:—	
The Finish in America ...	197	Thomas Hardy's Poems ...	211
The Higher Direction of		A Study in Survival ...	212
the War ...	198	Forty Years Off ...	216
War and the Profiteer ...	199	Mr. Cannan's New Novel ...	218
Memorials of the War: A		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
Suggestion ...	200	Giordano Bruno: His Life,	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		Thought, and Martyrdom ...	218
Wayfarer ...	201	Theodore Roosevelt: The	
LIVE AND LETTERS:—		Logic of his Career ...	220
The Waste of Loyalty ...	202	The Soul of Russia ...	220
The True Pro-Germanism ...	204	Moonbeams and the Larger	
Tangle-Town ...	205	Lunacy ...	220
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Red Horizon ...	220
Indian "Post-War Re-		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
forms." By Sir William		Lucellum ...	220
Wedderburn ...	206	SUPPLEMENT:—	
The League of Nations. By		The Elizabethan Drama ...	227
Emile Burns, Leonard		Why Germany Attacked	
Doncaster, and F. W.		Through Belgium ...	228
Pethick Lawrence ...	207	The Eucharist and the	
A Warning. By Earl Russell		Early Church ...	230
An Arm-Chair Pilgrim. By		Some Russian Plays ...	232
Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton ...	208	Form and Color ...	234
Voters and War Profits. By		The Missionary in a New	
Commonsense ...	209	Light ...	236
POETRY:—		Versiculi ...	238
More Songs from Heine.		For Farmers and Others ...	240
Translated by Alexander		An Anti-War German ...	240
Gray ...	209	The Hills of Surrey ...	242
		A Critic of Life ...	242

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

A VERY important speech has been made by the German Chancellor in reply to Lord Grey's powerful indictment of Germany's culpability for the war. He dealt, not at all conclusively, with the "Lokal-Anzeiger's" report of a German mobilization in July 30th, 1914. We all know that this statement was verbally at least untrue, and that the issue was stopped. The point is—Why was the statement made at all? The inference at once arises that it was made in order to produce the effect of alarm, which it did actually bring about in Petrograd. Of more consequence, however, was the Chancellor's strong affirmation that he did in fact telegraph to Vienna the famous despatch published in the "Westminster Gazette," suggesting that Austria should come to an understanding with Russia, and that if Germany's advice were disregarded, she could not be drawn into a "world conflagration." To this the Chancellor adds the statement that he also transmitted to Vienna, as "a suitable basis for the maintenance of peace," Lord Grey's mediation proposal of July 29th, coupled with "a most peremptory recommendation." The Chancellor adds that in his telegram these words occurred:—

"Should the Austro-Hungarian Government refuse all mediation, we are confronted with a conflagration in which England would go against us, and Italy and Rumania, according to all indications, would not be with us, so that with Austria-Hungary we should con-

front these three great Powers. Germany, as a result of England's hostility, would have to bear the chief brunt of the fight. The political prestige of Austria-Hungary, the honor of her arms, and her justified claims against Serbia can be sufficiently safeguarded by the occupation of Belgrade or other places. We therefore urgently and emphatically ask the Vienna Cabinet to consider the acceptance of mediation on the proposed conditions. Responsibility for the consequences which may otherwise arise must be extraordinarily severe for Austria-Hungary and ourselves."

We can only describe this declaration as momentous. But it leaves the later evolution of German policy absolutely obscure. Why did not Austria yield if she was thus solicited in good faith? And why did the Kaiser send his peremptory telegrams to the Tsar? And why was the German mobilization hurried on? Was this unspeakable calamity really the result of a muddle or a misunderstanding?

Mr. Asquith's speech at Guildhall contained little that was new, save a word, of course, for "that great Greek patriot" Venezelos, and an appeal to Greece to relight the torch of liberty with which she once illumined the world. This is the right note, and we wish that it had been struck earlier. The Prime Minister made a definite deduction from the mischief of the Paris Conference and its sinister issue in the attempt to turn Nigeria into a tied house for British monopolists. It was "childish fiction" for Germany to suggest to neutral countries that the Allies intended to "build up an impenetrable stone wall against their trade." On the contrary, it would be the interest of the Allies to maintain "the best industrial and financial relations with the neutral Powers," a clear endorsement of Mr. Mackinder's reminder of our new financial relationship to America. Mr. Asquith repeated his assurance of a common Allied policy, and a combined peace, to be attained only by taxing "our resources and our whole stock of patience and resolve." All the more, therefore, are our statesmen bound to tell the nation thus called on to pledge its all what it is fighting for—and not to go one step further than the point at which the original aims of the war have been fairly attained.

As we write, the result of the American Elections is obscure. We imagine that Mr. Wilson has been returned, for he has 256 votes certain, and requires only 10 more to get the required majority, and of the five doubtful States four are said to have given him a majority, while one New York message definitely assigns him 272 votes. The chief American moral of the elections seems to be to accentuate the growing cleavage between East and West. Mr. Wilson will be definitely the President of the West. His election, is, we are sure, an event favorable both to peace and to the cause of State liberty on whose victory peace depends.

By a proclamation of the German Governor of Warsaw, the resolve of the Central Empires to make Poland an independent, constitutional, hereditary monarchy was announced on Sunday. The document is worded with the utmost sweetness, but it contains the

significant hint that the command and organization of the Polish Kingdom's army will be regulated by "mutual agreement." The frontiers of the new kingdom are left vague, but it is apparently to be, roughly, the territory of Russian Poland. Probably the King will be the aged Prince Leopold of Bavaria. The Austrian Emperor has simultaneously issued a mysterious promise, in a letter to the new Premier, Dr. Körber, to confer full autonomy on Galicia. Galicia already had autonomy, and this seems to mean some new status within the Dual Monarchy. The immediate meaning of the new move is doubtless that Hindenburg wants Polish recruits, of whom perhaps half-a-million may be available. Politically, it indicates a further breach between the Chancellor and the Junkers, who desired (if they could not annex Poland outright) to restore it to Russia as the price of a separate peace and a future alliance. It is, therefore, some evidence that in the balanced condition of German internal policy, the trend is still relatively liberal, and that the intention is to expand in the East and to seek, if possible, reconciliation with the West.

\* \* \*

THE war seems to have again reached a phase in which signs or symptoms alone emerge. There has been little movement during the week anywhere. In Roumania the struggle plainly pivots about the Predeal Pass. North of it the Russians have gone forward a little; to the South the enemy has advanced slightly. There have been a number of determined attacks on the Russian front with the plain intention of forbidding our Ally to remove troops or material to Roumania. But the local movement has been a trivial readjustment about Brzezany, to the disadvantage of the Russians, who had been undermining the supports of that town. The Italian advance has found a halting place, though not before serious loss was inflicted on the enemy. On the Western front the British made a slight advance and then lost a part of the ground taken in a vigorous counter-attack. But the French have made a number of tactically important gains. Yet, despite the smallness of the movement on the various fronts, we seem to see vast readjustments going on behind the lines, preparations being hurried forward, and further attempts to end the war of positions being planned. Changes are certainly taking place on the Eastern front, but we have no trustworthy evidence to indicate their scope or the position towards which the centre of gravity is moving.

\* \* \*

GENERAL CADORNA developed his offensive towards Trieste on Friday and Saturday of last week, taking on the two days nearly 4,000 prisoners. His advance has had the effect of placing the junction of Duino, which is the doorstep of Trieste, in peril, and it also caused an irregularity in the Austrian front above the Vipacco, which the enemy voluntarily evacuated. Vaux was the first evidence of the free abandonment of an important point long held, and the two instances, coming so close together, indicate a change in tactics that must be noted. It is, of course, to the enemy's advantage to leave a salient which is merely a death-trap. But a few months ago he would have flattened it out by seizing more ground on each side of the neck. The Italian victory has forced Hindenburg to send reinforcements to the Isonzo front, and the enemy losses, estimated with reason at 39,000, have to be made good at the expense of some other part of the Eastern front. Our Ally's losses cannot have been insignificant; but his reserve is so large that he can hardly feel them. It is pleasing to see the extraordinary daring of some of the small Italian naval craft, which recently entered the anchorage of the Austrian fleet at night,

despite the booms, and remained for some time under the forts of Pola, trying to get their torpedoes home on the netted ships.

\* \* \*

IN Picardy the gains of the week represent a considerable tactical improvement in the Allied position; but they are almost entirely French gains, the British failing to make much advance and to retain the whole of what they won. Nearly the whole of Saillisel is now in French hands and the wood to the south of it is firmly gripped. These two improvements tend to weaken Mount St. Quentin, the northern defence of Péronne. By advancing towards Transloy the French have also further undermined the position of Bapaume. But these successes are of smaller importance than the capture of Ablaincourt and Pressoir. The former had been the subject of a siege for some weeks, yet, on Tuesday, both villages were cleared in less than two hours. This is but another of the many evidences of the French tactical skill. The two villages command the plateau of Villiers, which is the southern pillar of the Péronne defence. The weather, which fetters the British advance, seems to have little effect upon our Ally, and we could wish that we were as little at its mercy.

\* \* \*

THE Dobrudja to which General Sakharoff was recently appointed has shown a certain recoil. The enemy has been pushed back, according to some reports, twelve miles. This is merely a natural sign of the reinforcement and designed offensive which must be implied by the selection of so eminent a commander for this area. In Roumania the Russians have pushed the northern part of the line forward slightly, and have taken about 1,000 prisoners. Further south the enemy has pressed his front towards the south a little more, and captured about the same number of prisoners. The position in the Predeal Pass is fairly stationary, but the enemy has recovered in the Vulkan Pass area and made progress in the Red Tower Pass. Reinforcements have been detected, and Hindenburg will no doubt elect to make a determined bid to drive his bolt home before the season has introduced a new complication into his campaign. On the whole, the Roumanian position cannot be said to have deteriorated, though it has not decidedly improved. There is a certain balance in the week's successes, and there are greater possibilities in an Allied offensive through the Dobrudja than in the enemy attack through Transylvania. With skilful handling all should be well, and with a little good fortune the whole situation may be cleared up to our advantage.

\* \* \*

THE sinking of the homeward bound P. & O. mail steamer "Arabia" is another evidence both of the ruthlessness of the German submarine campaign and its success. The liner carried 437 passengers, of whom 169 were women and children, and though all were saved by the diversion of other vessels to the spot, no warning was given. In the face of events like these, which are merely the more spectacular episodes of a constant sinking of Allied and neutral vessels, Mr. Balfour's speech not only loses point, but takes on a merely trivial color. He rehearses the main criticism of his administration, that under it the Navy is condemned to a "passive" rôle, and answers that it is ensuring the lines of communication between the bases and the armies fighting in every part of Europe. But is it? The avenues by which the staying power of this country is nourished and kept in being are seriously disturbed. As things stand, their safety is beyond the power of the Navy to ensure, and while this remains a fact—a qualified fact no doubt—Mr. Balfour cannot plume himself on his administration. As to his

threats of what will happen if there is any repetition of the German raid by destroyers, we hope they will be made good. In these matters it is better to await events and prepare for them, than to prophesy. But the main trouble is the submarine attacks. How do we stand there? What power does Mr. Balfour possess of curtail and stopping them, as Lord Fisher's precautions curtailed and stopped the first campaign? This is vital.

\* \* \*

ON Wednesday the Dervishes of Protection, after an active campaign in the Press, challenged the Government to a vote over the sale of enemy properties in Nigeria, and were soundly defeated (in spite of a large Irish anti-Government vote) by 231 to 117. The point at issue was whether the important properties belonging to enemy companies in Nigeria should, at the forthcoming auction, be sold only to British subjects, or whether neutrals and Allies should be allowed to bid. Two wings of the New Mercantilism were thus in conflict. The Colonial Office adheres to its policy for the permanent exclusion of German traders from our Colonies, and the permanent refusal to them of one of the chief of tropical raw materials, palm-kernels. That is Mercantilism, and it cannot, in the long run, be rendered consistent with a peaceful world. Sir Edward Carson, Sir Alfred Mond, and the "ginger" groups generally, stand for a still more drastic conception of this policy. The foreigner (even the Ally) is also to be excluded from Colonial trade, which is to be reserved, as a monopoly, for British firms.

\* \* \*

THE facts which have at last brought the Colonial Office to some perception of the dangers of its own policy were well stated by Mr. Steel-Maitland. The profits of Empire and the fruits of victory are not going to the British consumer, nor yet to the native producer. Monopoly means the robbery of both by rings of British middlemen. The difference between the price paid to the native in Nigeria for palm-kernels before the war and the price paid by the consumer in Liverpool used to be £4. It is now £14. The withdrawal of the German demand has placed both producer and consumer at the mercy of these monopoly rings. The Colonial Office, though it hopes to exclude the German trader permanently, has now perceived that it must allow a little neutral and Allied competition in the hope of breaking the British ring. The ultra-mercantilists could hardly have put their demand to be allowed to draw a monopoly profit from victory in cruder or more revolting language than some of their spokesmen used. Mr. Bonar Law spoke quietly but decidedly for the Government, and the result is a welcome check, not indeed to the principle, but to the worst aberrations of the New Protection.

\* \* \*

ONE of the ablest of recent analyses of the German attitude to peace has been drawn up by Mr. Swope, the correspondent of the "New York World," after intimate dealings with the German Foreign Office. His reading of the situation (which is reproduced in full in the "Daily News") is briefly that there is a general desire for peace but little hope of it, that no one expects the crushing victory of either side, and that peace depends either on a compromise by negotiation, or on internal changes in Germany itself. The transition to a more democratic and responsible Government (of course, under the Hohenzollerns) he not only expects, but even thinks possible before the end of the war. The gravest statement in his article is that eleven separate attempts have been made by neutral Governments to obtain from the

German Government an adequate assurance about the future of Belgium. All of them failed.

\* \* \*

To a considerable extent this is borne out by the semi-official part of his statement, passed by the German Foreign Office after the Chancellor had read it, in which while all thought of conquest or annexations is stoutly repudiated, mention is made of strategic rectifications of frontiers in "contiguous countries." Belgium is not specified in this phrase; but later on she is mentioned, and it is stated that Germany asks "such a disposition of her (Belgium's) future as will safeguard us," while this arrangement will also "safeguard Belgium." [What better safeguard, one asks, can there be than guaranteed neutrality?] For the rest Germany demands the right to "live and grow," and this latter demand for economic expansion applies especially to Turkey. On the other hand, all the Allies are accused of plans of conquest, while we are particularly charged with the determination to annihilate a trade rival by our abuse of sea-power. Mr. Swope was much impressed by the evidence that German opinion hopes for a separate peace with Russia and Japan, and looks to them to form with her a coalition against Britain and America after the war. [The creation of a Polish kingdom seems, however, to negative this idea.] The moral for us is, clearly, that the repudiations by Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey (especially Lord Grey) of the desire to annihilate Germany must be repeated and reinforced.

\* \* \*

THE War Office replies to questions about the punishment known as "Crucifixion" continue to be of the most unsatisfactory nature. They give an uncomfortable impression that there is very little supervision of the administration of justice in the Army. All that Ministers can do when they are challenged is to refer Members to the Army Act and the King's Regulations. After the experience of the Sheehy-Skeffington case, it is natural to feel great misgiving about Army methods. We would suggest that the Army Council should be asked to give a list of the offences for which in fact Field Punishment No. 1 has been imposed in the course of the war. We doubt whether the military authorities are aware of the deep indignation which is excited by the allegation that a large number of soldiers in our great Voluntary Army, men who have made ungrudgingly the heaviest sacrifices, are exposed to this barbarous treatment for some temporary failure of memory or nerve. Is it not time that the punishment itself was abolished?

\* \* \*

MR. ACLAND, replying to a question from Mr. Leslie Scott, reports that the experiment of training fifty disabled soldiers at the Holmes Chapel Agricultural College has been a great success. Some of the men have completed a course of training, and are already in employment, and another has been appointed a sub-inspector under the Board. We hope this experience will accelerate the arrangements for the treatment and training of the disabled. It is obvious that no time should be lost in preparing a scheme, and in preventing the waste of effort and money that is inevitable until the whole question is taken in hand on a systematic basis. Time presses, for the disabled are growing at a rapid rate, and many a man may be ruined for want of care and treatment during the next few months. There are many questions to be settled. In this connection it is announced that the Board of Trade are setting up experimental wages boards in twenty large towns to deal with questions of wages and the earning capacity of disabled soldiers.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE KINGDOM OF POLAND.

THERE is once more a Kingdom of Poland in Europe. The motives of German policy are perfectly transparent, and, to do it justice, there is in the typically Prussian press no attempt whatever to conceal them. No one need waste words in proving that this is not a disinterested or generous action. The argument is superfluous; indeed, if one wanted to hurl an unforgivable insult at a Prussian Junker, one would accuse him, not of self-seeking, but of generosity in politics. The German proclamation is, of course, of a satellite State, an Eastern parallel to a Germanized Belgium. It meant for its authors primarily two things, the intention of raising a Polish Conscript army to-day, and the hope of weakening Russia to-morrow. It means something more than that to Europe. However harsh and egoistic be the voice which has spoken it—a voice, and that the voice of a Great Power, has spoken aloud one of the forbidden words of our Continent. Poland is a Kingdom again. The great Napoleon, in spite of the habitual largeness of his ideas, went no further than the creation of a Duchy of Warsaw, and a very small one at that. The Grand-Duke Nicholas, though he promised the reunion of the Polish race, halted at the vague offer of some kind of autonomy. In the end, however the military situation may develop, we question whether Europe can afford to take back this momentous word. What the frontiers of independent Poland may be, and who shall reign over it, are enigmas in the Book of Destiny. But under whatever name and whatever auspices, the Poles are now assured, as they were not before, of a future of self-government.

We do not know what were the intentions of the Tsar. There is little doubt that M. Sazonoff designed to give a real measure of Home Rule to Poland, and the "Cadets" in that matter were with him. But M. Sazonoff fell. The ideas of the bureaucratic party now in power do not, it seems, go beyond some kind of local self-government by town councils and Zemstvos, without a legislative chamber. Russia made a fatal mistake when she delayed to define her promise, and a worse mistake still when she allowed it to be pared so small. That is a closed chapter. The effect of the Kaiser's bolder tactics is that Russia, in her turn, must raise her bid for Polish support. When the time comes (if the war is destined to be prolonged to that point) for the Russian armies to essay the great adventure of reuniting the whole Polish race, their commander must offer something better than a shadowy and undefined autonomy. For our part, we hold that for its own credit, the Entente cannot afford to be, even in externals and appearances, less liberal than Germany. It, too, must dare to speak the forbidden word. Our only creditable answer to this German move will be to declare that our endeavor shall be to make the Kingdom of Poland as broad as the home of the Polish race and to give it the reality of independence.

As a problem in the internal politics of the Central Empires the declaration of a kind of a Polish Kingdom makes a really absorbing study. Why has it been delayed so long, and why has it been declared precisely at this moment? It is much more than a year since the German

armies marched into Warsaw, with a Bavarian Prince at their head. It was clear from the first that the conquerors intended to play for Polish support. They found leisure to do some rather astute things. They restored the Polish language. They created a Polish University at Warsaw. They allowed the Poles throughout the villages to work at the task of setting up national schools, as no one for a whole century had allowed them to work. It is probable that the idea of a Polish vassal State under a German Catholic Prince was even then in their minds, and the Bavarian candidate was actually on the spot. But nothing happened. There were two obstacles. The chief of them was that the Junker-Industrialists (for the old-world squire is to-day the ally of the great capitalists of Rhenish Prussia) had a very different programme for Poland. It was a programme of an elastic and adjustable kind, to be fitted to events. "If we are strong enough," so it ran in effect, "to beat all our enemies, and expand in all directions, then let us keep everything that we have taken—the coast of Belgium and the pistol pointed at England, the very eligible Belgian coal mines, and the still more enviable iron mines of French Lorraine. As for Poland it is capable of indefinite exploitation, alike for its mineral and its agricultural wealth. No nonsense about Polish nationality. We must annex it, colonize it, industrialize it, conscript it, absorb it. If, however, we must buy off some of our enemies, then, in the name of the good old days, let us turn to Russia. For a century we have, each of us, been sitting on our Poles, and in that posture experienced a certain fraternity. If we must disgorge something let it be Poland in return for a separate peace with Russia."

While that school was in the ascendant von Tirpitz went to work with his submarines, the Crown Prince and Falkenhayn flung their legions at Verdun, and Hindenburg sat idle in his trenches on the Eastern front. The other cause for hesitation came from Austria. She knows very well how to deal with Poles, and they have rewarded her with a measure of loyalty. For a generation they have had autonomy in Galicia, and not a little power at Vienna. The Austrian plan was to make a big Poland, excluding only the German portion which it was hopeless to claim. There were several variants of the idea—to make a third kingdom equal to Austria and Hungary within a Triple Monarchy, or to erect a semi-detached Polish kingdom, half in and half out, under an Austrian Polish nobleman, or an Austrian Archduke. It is probable that Count Stuerghk, a stiff old bureaucrat, who disliked "Central Europe" and the whole German Imperialist ideology, was one of the obstacles to a German-Independent Poland. Dr. Körber, who succeeds him, is hailed, as we note in the "Frankfurter Zeitung," as an enthusiastic advocate of "Central Europe." One by one, the personal barriers to the relatively more Liberal German policy have fallen—von Tirpitz, Falkenhayn, and Stuerghk. The Chancellor is firmer than ever in his seat, and though he has to suppress the comments of the Junker press, and to dismiss the Reichstag some days before its time because it insisted on debating the speech which he was due to make, the fact is that he seems secure with the Kaiser and von Hindenburg to prop his seat and Dr. Körber to hold his footstool. The declaration of Polish Independence puts an end to all thought of a future pro-Russian Orientation of German policy, and it means, on the whole, a victory for the more liberal elements in Germany.

That the gruff old Hindenburg—a Junker if ever there was one—cares for any of these things we hardly suppose. He supports the liberal school, because his per-



sonal bias and his military reasoning have taught him to prefer a campaign on the Eastern front. To "liberate" Poland means for his mind, we suspect, only one simple thing—the conscription of the Poles in Russian Poland. So Napoleon looked at the problem before him, and from a much smaller Duchy of Warsaw, with a much sparser population, he managed to raise for his Moscow campaign first 60,000 and then 90,000 men. It is possible that Hindenburg may get half-a-million—enough to balance a year's wastage more or less in this war, or enough to balance the contribution of Roumania. It is a shrewd enough calculation, so far as it goes, and a soldier is not expected to look beyond the politics of the war itself. On a longer view, we doubt the wisdom of this policy regarded from the German standpoint. The concession, measured by Prussian standards, is a large one. The new kingdom (if we assume, as its makers do, that it can be permanent) will, of course, be bound tightly as a satellite State subject to Germany's customs and her military and diplomatic system. It will enjoy under its Bavarian Prince at the best as much independence as Bavaria does herself. But it will at least develop its own culture and language, and at the best it will have internal political self-government. The better the scheme works, in one sense, the worse will it be for Germany. It was hard enough for the German Poles to watch the spectacle of the relative happiness of their kinsmen in Austria, but now their fate will be harder still, for they stand excluded from a Polish nation. It is possible that the German Liberals (with their Catholic Allies of the moment and the Socialists) may try to do something to lessen the sharpness of the contrast. The more they do, the worse will the case become. A race which is comparatively free will feel the ideal impulse to reunion with its fellows more strongly than a race which is utterly crushed. Probably the German Empire feels massive enough to disdain the discontent of its Poles.

The worst sufferer by this policy is Austria. Hitherto her Poles were relatively contented, because they could congratulate themselves on a lot so much more fortunate than that of either of the other sundered portions of their race. But, sentimentally at least, they will now stand second in the scale, and they may feel strong enough (as the Poles of Posen will not) to make an effort to join the Kingdom. The system which holds them has not the coercive power of the German Empire, and while it is milder, it is also weaker. Evidently the old Emperor, himself deeply disappointed, feels that some compensation is due to them. What it is that his letter to Dr. Körber promises them we cannot guess. They already had autonomy. Is it a still larger autonomy, or is it perhaps a status resembling that of Hungary? It is, at all events, a sop to their disappointment. It cannot cure it. What they want is not more autonomy (they were already by no means ill-endowed with that), but reunion with their fellow Poles. If the new stroke of policy has meant rejoicing at Warsaw, it must have meant bitter disillusion at Cracow. The effect in the long run upon the attitude of the Poles as a whole may not be what the Germans expect. The Austrian Poles had been their only friends. They had founded clubs and legions of volunteers, which did their utmost to win the Russian Poles to the Austro-German cause. If this element is disappointed then Hindenburg's conscripts may not join the colors in the desired temper. A generous thing should be done in a large way. That lesson is not grasped in Simla or in Dublin or in Petrograd.

### THE FINISH IN AMERICA.

ALL the circumstances of the Presidential election pointed to a close finish. But it is evident that the most skilled prophets in that land of prophecy were astray as to the distribution of the popular will. For otherwise it is difficult to understand the confidence of the Republicans on Wednesday morning in Mr. Hughes's election, and the acceptance of that decision by important Democratic organs like the "New York World." No doubt strong superficial reasons supported this premature conviction. The capture, not merely of New York, which was conceded beforehand to Mr. Hughes by most electioneers, but of Illinois, and of Mr. Wilson's own State, New Jersey, the return of Massachusetts to the Republican fold, and the general strength of the Republican vote in the populous Eastern States, were familiar signals of note. But the augurs forget one great fact in American politics. They might have remembered that the strong and ever growing cleavage, not only of interests but of sentiment and ideas, between the great commercial centres of the East coast, with their close association with European trade and politics, and the more distinctively rural, pacific, and radical democracies of the Middle and the far Western States, kept alive strong elements of doubt. Yet the powerful rally of these States to Mr. Wilson, as the returns came in on Wednesday, were almost equally surprising to his friends and his enemies. But apart from the general considerations to which we have alluded, there were a good many special circumstances which should have made it certain that the return of Mr. Wilson would depend upon the West. The Progressive rift in Republicanism of four years ago meant something very different in States like Nebraska and Colorado, Arkansas, or even Ohio, from what it did in the more machine-ridden and conservative East. The raging campaign of Mr. Roosevelt for an alarming and costly militarism had comparatively little influence with the peaceable and prospering citizens of the great plains, many of whom were four years ago strongly attracted by his programme of industrial and political reform. Mr. Hughes's own performance in his Western visit, with its careful non-committal attitude on all big issues outside the tariff, was not calculated to win over the seceding Republicans. Thus, although the declared results do not yet enable us to determine with certainty either the Presidential issue or the exact constitution of Congress, it is clear that the Progressives, who formed the largest unknown factor in the struggle, have moved in different directions in the East and West. Taking the electoral districts as our index (not the popular vote, which is not yet available) it appears that Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in carrying back to the Republican Party about two-thirds of the brief-lived organizations which he formed four years ago. This is not so much a testimony to his personal magnetism (though that must not be under-rated) as to the fascination which party discipline exercises over good Americans.

But the large Republican vote is not all contributed by "good Americans." The angling for the "hyphenate" has admittedly succeeded. The readers of the "Staats Zeitung" have been kept for the required time in a condition of hostility to Mr. Wilson. To this has been added the opposition of such uncompromising pro-Allies as Mr. Putman and President Lowell. If, therefore, Mr. Wilson be defeated, which we hope is not now probable, it can fairly be claimed as due to a feat of skilful electioneering rather than as a rational expression of the judgment of the people. The campaign

has been throughout an anti-Wilson, not a pro-Hughes campaign. It is unlikely that a majority of the electorate wants to enable the manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts to enjoy the plunder of a high tariff, or that they concern themselves very deeply with the efficient administration which some of Mr. Hughes's defenders claim to be his special sphere of competency.

The loss of votes and popularity which Mr. Wilson has sustained in the East is probably due to two unconnected causes. The first is the easily intelligible animosity of the big business interests, financial, manufacturing, and commercial, which have been injured or offended by his legislative record. The money so lavishly contributed to Mr. Hughes's campaign funds comes from these familiar sources, and means, now as always, wealth against democracy. No doubt it will be said that Mr. Hughes's well-known personal integrity and his fine professional record make him immune against the grosser forms of business influence. But the Republican machine and its mechanics have many practised subtleties for dealing with a statesman who, like Mr. Hughes, has never adjusted his mind to a comprehension of the new social and economic problems of our generation. The other reason why large numbers of well-meaning citizens in the East have avowedly declared against Mr. Wilson is that they resent his "vacillating" and "pusillanimous" diplomacy in dealing with the issues of the European conflict. Very few of these are not in their hearts thankful that America has kept out of the war. But they are not thankful to Mr. Wilson. They are glad of the result, but they resent the way in which it has been done, and the latter feeling, having the personal element in it, has been operative for voting purposes.

It may be that when the more detailed results come in, some of the provisional interpretations will require correction. No little interest, for example, attaches to the enlarged women's vote, newly exercised in several States. In Illinois, where women voted for the first time, the Peace Party do not appear to have exhibited the strength which was accredited to them. But we think that it will be found that the majority of States where women vote have supported Mr. Wilson, in spite of the strong bid made in Mr. Hughes's proposal of Federal legislation. The direct issue to Europe is also obscure. Mr. Hughes's return would be a deep disappointment to those who have been looking with some confidence to the determining part in world-policy which America may yet play under the guidance of a man of large ideas, powerful imagination, and humanitarian sympathy, both in curtailing this war and in promoting a great constructive work of internationalism. Mr. Wilson has deeply entertained these hopes and aspirations, and in no spirit of rash and frantic interference has invited America to rise to the magnitude of her opportunity for human service. Should Mr. Hughes be finally seated at the White House, after a period of half-a-year, in which America would be incapable of a single vital step of policy, it is possible that he may display qualities of international statecraft which his sudden return to political life and the exigencies of a difficult campaign have compelled him to conceal. But it would be idle for us to assume the likelihood of such a revelation of outlook and of courage. In our view, the re-election of Mr. Wilson offers hope of an earlier end to the agony of the older world than any of the nations that are enduring it can yet foresee. That he is a statesman of intellect and resource we cannot doubt. And of the two candidates he suggests himself as the abler and more sympathetic executant of the vast force that America wields.

### THE HIGHER DIRECTION OF THE WAR.

THE great outstanding feature of the recent history of the war is the manner in which the enemy has turned a considerable accession to the strength of the Allies into a source of preoccupation and anxiety. When Roumania threw in her lot with the Allies she brought them a potential reinforcement almost, if not wholly, equal to the Austrian armies which had been holding the Eastern line from the south of the Pripet up to the opening of the Russian offensive, and she brought them, also, long frontiers looking into the territory of the enemy. In the words of Hindenburg, she swept away the war of positions. Yet the Allies do not seem to have grasped this extraordinary change before it had been seized by the enemy and turned to his profit.

Now this is an arresting fact, for it is typical of the sort of diffused consciousness which characterizes the whole direction of the war. The Allies, it may be admitted, were faced with a difficult problem. With the exception of the road through Serbia, which has its own peculiar obstacles, every avenue by which they could advance against the enemy to carry the war into his territory, or even to recover their occupied territory, was blocked by the power of the modern defensive. It was not decisively blocked, it is true; but it was impassable, unless there could be concentrated against some sector of sufficient extent a greater mass of gunfire than that which lay behind it. Failing this, there must be an overwhelming expenditure of human material. On the largest front, the Eastern, the conditions of the case made it extremely difficult to get together enough guns and ammunition unless the enemy should choose, as, oddly enough, he did choose last May, to weaken his defensive in this respect. Such being the state of the case, it was clearly imperative to take advantage of open frontiers, with their wider strategic issues. And yet we find that when the Germans had reconstructed their defensive positions against the Russians, and Roumania came in with its open window upon Sofia and Constantinople, and a not too distant vista of a corridor to the Western Allies, no one was alert enough to grasp the possibilities or resolute enough to insist upon a vigorous attempt to realize them. The Allies began to look to Roumania only when she was in peril and when the communications which made the Dobrudja a favorable field for an offensive were cut.

But we have no reason to be more dissatisfied with the East than with the West, or with the South-east. In the West we have found a new opponent—the weather, and the problem was intricate enough before. War will go on during the winter, if not on our side on that of the Allies; and it behoves us to visualize all the elements of the situation. We do not need to examine the operations in France very profoundly to be convinced that at no time in the Somme offensive has the rate of progress been so small. The reason of this is also a matter of no deep inquisition. For four months we have been hammering at the same sector of the Front, and no command should need that time to acquaint itself with the general and special methods of attack and the appropriate means to rebut them. Thus, the conditions of a continuance of the offensive became defined. Along with the battering down of the elaborate defences of two years, there will be a compensatory movement towards a more efficient and economical method of dealing with attacks, a greater counter-concentration of gunfire, a further development in the transference of troops from quiescent sectors, and so on. Yet Verdun has pointed the moral with a vividness one would have thought impossible to ignore. The guns which are on

the Somme front and the troops that are drafted thither are taken from other sectors of the line. In their great summer offensive the Russians repeatedly made use of alternative strokes. There was an attack on the right, and it was developed till the counter-measures imposed a check. Then an assault would follow on the left or the centre. And so the line was pressed forward to its present position. There is no need to minimize the effects of the Somme offensive. Every day more and more of the enemy are placed *hors de combat*, since though the infantry make no attack, the rain of shell is almost continuous. And, further the line is being pushed forward, and the final defences of Bapaume and Péronne are before us. Yet even these do not necessarily imply a strategical gain, and such an end is still a long way off. The question arises whether we are making the best use of the resources at our disposal, whether we have taken full stock of the situation, and can find no other, speedier, more economical way of breaking down Germany's defensive.

If we turn to the Navy, again we have a situation in which much is to be desired. Our communications have just been raided, and our transport is continually worn down by the attacks of submarines. We are thrown back almost wholly on the defensive, and even that is not clearly successful. Our containment is as effective as ever as regards the greater craft. But submarines are at liberty to impose a species of distant blockade, and destroyers can emerge from their southern base with impunity. There is even the wraith of an invasion floating about the North Sea. Yet our Navy is almost unthinkably powerful in every sort of craft. We have the natural and instinctive efficiency that comes from centuries of experience and love of the Senior Service. We have, still better, a traditional adaptability and ingenuity. There are clear, subtle, constructive brains at our disposal, courage and daring to any degree. But this tremendous power is condemned to play the policeman instead of the soldier. There were days earlier in the war when the world saw our power. There were the raids on Cuxhaven and Schleswig, when our ships sailed with impunity up to the coasts of the enemy and carried out bold and carefully laid plans. We understand that strokes of a similar nature have been attempted since then, but have miscarried. It was once said that our frontiers are the enemy's coasts. That boast seems no longer to be in fashion. The Navy has been made to look something of a Gulliver assailed by a myriad pin-pricks.

Some time ago it was the custom to reckon up the war as a problem in applied science. Every emphasis was laid on the mechanical and scientific side. Yet, it remains true that war never is and never was a science, and the true key to it is, as ever, strategy. The Marne shows us a strategic victory won by a force inferior in numbers and material. At the present moment we have a superiority in almost every element except forethought and ultimate resolution. We require far more thinking and willing. The war, if we are to win it at all, will never be won by present methods, unless we are to wait until the whole European civilization is dragged through a sea of mud and blood. We must set the brains of the Allies to work, conceive bold and aggressive plans, and carry them through with firmness to an ultimate issue. Germany, when in the zenith of her power, was not so successful as she has been since it began to decline. We must not emulate her in this. The Alliance represents many sources of division and of consequent weakness. It is for that reason that we must strive all the more to secure unity of action on a well-thought-out plan.

## WAR AND THE PROFITEER.

LAST week the House of Commons debated at length the sad case of Dr. Ethé, a famous Orientalist, who for some forty-five years has been engaged in the work of cataloguing Persian manuscripts for the Library of the India Office, and the still greater scandal of his having been paid for some of it. Professor Ethé, who is seventy-five years old, appears to have committed the original sin of being born of a German father. We do not know how much of this offence Mr. Handel Booth will consider him to have purged by a mixture of French blood, and by a hatred of Prussianism which led him to seek the shelter of these shores some forty-four years ago, and has ensured his exile from the chair of a German University ever since. We leave these high matters, congratulating Parliament on the leisure it can spare for them from the pursuit of the greatest war in history. But we profess small respect for the attempt to discredit the work of the Emergency Committee for the relief of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in distress in this country. The Committee, we need hardly say, is in correspondence (with the obvious assent of the Foreign Office) with a Committee in Berlin performing a similar work of mercy for British and other subjects confined or living in Germany. This interchange of good offices is under interdict because its promoters appear in their reports to speak of the German people in terms of tolerance. Such a spirit grows inevitably from a work of charity, and is not absent from our medical and hospital services or from those of the Germans. The tide of war rolls on, but we may well pray that it will leave these islets of human succor alone.

But vindictiveness and small-mindedness are not the only passions of war from which we may pray to be delivered. A more concrete evil is that of naked profiteering. It is inevitable that a certain number of people in every belligerent nation should contrive to make war pay. From the declaration of any war, armament firms and armament shareholders, and the great and always extending army of State contractors, stand in this favored position towards their countrymen who suffer or die in it. So far as they extend this privilege to their workpeople there is added a further though a partial and rapidly disappearing area of profit from war. We see no remedy for it save in a scheme of taxation drastic enough to sheer off practically the entire accretion of war-gain. But we are faced with a subtler evil than this. It is clear that much profiteering of an illicit kind goes on under a convenient mask of anti-Germanism. We have already dealt with the case of the duty of £2 a ton on palm-kernels exported from our West African Colonies not only to Germany, but to all countries but our own. This tends to leave the trade in the hands into which it was designed that it should fall. A British ring has lowered the price of the palm-kernels to the native producer, and raised it to the British consumer. The difference has largely gone into the pockets of the ring of shippers and traders who organized this reversion to the old Colonial Protectionism.

Now a second raid has been prepared. The German properties in Nigeria are to be sold. A great agitation springs up against the resolve of the Government to make this sale an open transaction. The proper course would, in our view, have been for the State to take over these concerns, and either lease them or work them itself. This would have been in character with our colonial system, on which rests our concrete answer to Germany's claim that we deny her the freedom of the seas. But it would not



have suited the Ring, which by its association with the shipping companies controls 80 per cent of the available cargo space, and now sees its way to grasping the whole trade by purchase, to the exclusion of competitors—American, French, Dutch, or British—neutrals and Allies alike. There was no substantial denial of Mr. Steel-Maitland's account of the working of this "tied house" in colonial trading, though some of his figures were disputed. The difference between the cost of the palm-kernels paid to the native producer, and that charged to the British consumer at Liverpool, has gone up since the war from £4 to £14, while the prices realized by the native growers (our subjects) have gone down, and are much lower than on the Gold Coast, where the combine does not rule. The Colonial Office, which was compelled to produce these figures, has itself made a heavy contribution to the monopoly from whose extreme operations it shrinks. Mr. Law's palm-kernels tax is one instrument of that monopoly. But, in view of the agitation among the native growers and British traders outside the dominant combine, he has decided to maintain at least the form of competition. Let us be thankful, therefore, that the Government has spared the policy under which, since mercantilism was beaten, we made the best of all the great experiments in Empire.

Now it is clear that if the war for Liberty is to be turned into a war for Profiteering and Protectionism, the democracy of Britain will have something to say. Blood in rivers has been poured out; not for these ends. Civilization totters; not that a few exploiters may seize their prey. But even if we had the will, we have not the power thus to reverse the conditions on which Sea-Power and Sea-Empire are held. The latent rights of neutrals remain, and we cannot thus close to them the field of raw materials, or dictate the cost of purchase in the interests of highly exclusive combinations of British capitalists. Sir Edward Carson pinned his colors to the mast under the strange device, "War for the sole advantage of this country!" That is a proclamation for the banks of the Thames; will it also be trumpeted on the Seine, and the Tiber, and the Neva? We think not. It is not even a proclamation for the banks of the Mersey. For, like all Protectionist schemes, this is a plan of profiteering devised in the interest of selected and powerful groups of monopolists. The native producer, the independent British trader, the British consumer, are equally sacrificed to it. It is foreign to the idea that we hold our over-seas possessions as a trust rather than in absolute ownership, or as branch establishments of the great British Emporium. The subjects of that trust are, first, the colonists themselves, white or black, and secondly, the whole family of industry as it exists in great European and extra-European nations. For such an Empire scores of thousands of British workers have died. Are we to accept their sacrifice, and offer their comrades in return a State over which the monopolist has already written up his "No thoroughfare"?

#### MEMORIALS OF THE WAR: A SUGGESTION.

A BISHOP remarked the other day that he hoped that we should build some vast and noble churches to commemorate those who have fallen in the war. The suggestion is a natural one, but it carries the mind back instinctively to a time when Great Britain was plunged in the destitution and squalor produced by the Napoleonic Wars and the first terrible chapter of the Industrial Revolution. Nobody thinks now that the

building of the Million Fund Churches in 1819 checked the degradation and misery of that period, or that it compensated for the neglect that allowed the towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire to become great prisons, in which men and women were reminded at every turn of the inhumanity of their age. The rulers who built those churches never thought that it mattered how the mass of their countrymen lived. Rather they took it for granted that this hideous slum life was the necessary accompaniment of the industrial triumphs which seemed to be making the nation rich and powerful; and they dreaded any enlightenment that might bring the desire of something nobler and higher into men's minds with the consequent danger of discontent. Religion was welcomed not as a great spiritual power, but as a force that made men and women resigned to their sufferings. The Church was the symbol, not of the common life of the town and village, but of the sanction given from Heaven to the apparent injustices of the world.

The Bishop who suggested this form of memorial was not thinking of the new churches in this sense, for the Church of England to-day is a very different institution from the Church of a century ago. The old idea that in this world men might be left to trample on each other, for the good would be rewarded in the next, has given way to the doctrine that religion embraces all life, and that it matters supremely whether men and women live here and now under conditions that make self-respect possible. But the very fact that the fashionable religion of that time has gone the way of the fashionable political economy makes it more of a scandal than ever that we have done so little to bring elementary conditions of the good life within reach of the whole nation. The war has been a supreme national effort. In all its finer and better aspects it represents the conscience and imagination of the mass of the people of these islands. Its true character is to be seen, not in military tribunals and forced service, but in the sacrifices of free men and women who willingly gave everything for a great idea. And the memories that hand down the tradition of that crusade should breathe the same spirit. They should mark the waking of the whole nation to the spiritual birth that took those millions to the trenches; millions representing every class, not excluding, as the Prison Commissioners remind us, the population that spends a great part of its life in our gaols.

Nobody who thinks of the ordinary English village, or of the slums that have given such thousands of soldiers to the trenches, can persuade himself that there is any correspondence between the spirit of this great civilian army and the visible clothing of the civilization that we have imposed on its life in peace. No doubt, if our statesmanship is not bankrupt, we shall at last attempt, in earnest, with more seriousness than the party adventures of the past, to reform and regenerate our towns and our villages. But a great deal will be done, by voluntary and local effort outside legislation, in the way of commemorating the sacrifices of each town and village, and we would suggest that this enthusiasm should take a form appropriate to the occasion, and that those who organize these efforts should aim particularly at enriching the inspiration of common life and mutual aid in which our society is still so poor. We do not want bad statues or weak records, but some monument that will preserve the spirit of that sacrifice by fostering and developing it.

The most suitable and promising memorial for this purpose is some building which shall belong to the citizens, where they can meet freely and find amusement and occupation for their leisure. Such buildings might be part of a really noble and spacious scheme of reconstruction in our towns. In our villages they are not less

urgently required. There are thousands of villages in which there is no kind of village club belonging to the village, where men and women can meet as free citizens. Many people have noticed how the young men in our villages collect round the railway station for the sake of the light, and the occasional excitement of a train, and some kind of change from their cottages. It is a sufficient commentary on our village civilization that there is practically nowhere for a laborers' union to meet, nowhere for the villagers to hold concerts or play games or borrow a book or discuss their affairs or read a newspaper. When our soldiers come back from the trenches, they will find nothing to take the place of the canteen of their soldiering days. The provision of a club is almost the first need of a village. Do we look forward to a great co-operative organization of agriculture? To the growth of trade unions in the village? To the development of a village life that will be attractive enough to keep active and enterprising men and women there? One would suppose from the state of many of our villages in this respect that we think of the laborers, as our ancestors were said to think of them a century ago, as people whose only business in life is to work, to eat, and to sleep. That is not how we think of the soldiers to-day, and if there is any kind of gratitude or self-respect in the nation, we shall not so think to-morrow of the laborers who yesterday were soldiers. Here, then, is a noble and worthy mission for those who are organizing our war memorials. Let them see to it that there is no village without its club where co-operators and trade unionists can discuss their affairs, where books may be received from travelling libraries, where men and women can read the newspapers and find the amenities that are offered by the canteen. Committees might be organized in the several counties for this purpose, and architects and artists might strive to make the humblest and simplest of these village-halls a fit monument to the spirit of the war.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I SEE NO sign of movement in the administration of the Navy, and yet it is eagerly desired. Politics stands in the way. The Prime Minister will not move of his own accord—that is not his fashion, and he has as yet had no definite marching orders. Mr. Balfour is one of those commanding, dexterous figures that, entrenched in the inner ring of a Cabinet, and with prestige of birth and intellect behind, can long resist even an imperative call for change. His personal fortunes are closely linked with those of the Coalition—that is one reason for keeping him. He is a kind and conciliatory chief—that is another reason. He can defend any position, good or bad—that is a third. The critical question of all—whether at such a pass in our history he is the man to handle, move, vitalize, the machine on which hangs the fate of the country and the Alliance—whether, in fact, he has so handled it, slips well into the background of men's minds. It is not merely Mr. Balfour's personality and method that are in question. It is the kind of Board to which his special qualities and temper have given a final impression. Let us say that a Churchill-Fisher-Board was over-adventurous or over-disturbing in its relationship to the service. (The same charge would not, for example, lie against a McKenna-Fisher Board.) Certain

it is that under a Balfour-Jackson Board we have the cult of caution, almost of negation. Its fruits are only beginning to show themselves. To take one example, the nation is only just beginning to realize what it means to have allowed a weapon like Zeebrugge to be pointed at its coasts and fleets. What will it say when it reaches the full perception?

I THINK most of the men and women here who take more than a casual interest in American politics read the news of Mr. Hughes's earlier successes with a sinking of the heart. Mr. Wilson has his detractors here as in his own country, but the judgment of many who think or know is that it may be ill for the world if his light—a trifle dry and cold, as some judge it to be—is put out. The resources of European statesmanship are not so rich, or its personalities so inspiring, that it can readily dispense with an acute, powerful, and in some degree prophetic intellect at the head of the greatest Power that the war has left standing, and the most sympathetic to ourselves. In any case, the consequences of a Wilson defeat would be serious. Till the new President comes in, next March, America is under an interregnum. No strong policy could well issue from a mere vice-gerent, as in that case Mr. Wilson must be. Could Germany have a stronger invitation to license? The statesman against whom the hyphenates were banded would have been beaten. The statesman who held the secret meeting with O'Leary, and followed it by an attack on the British Blockade and black list, or, as a representative American puts it to me, by a "rather sinister definiteness regarding our disputes with Great Britain"—would be coming into power, and yet would have no responsibility. That position, as the "New Republic" suggests, might well be bad for America. It would be worse for us.

I HOPE the country realizes how near an escape it has had from the evils and scandals of a pension system under party control. They have been averted, thanks not a little to the public spirit of the "Times." But they were obviously threatened in the cabal to upset Mr. Henderson's appointment—for in effect it was an appointment—and to substitute Mr. Hayes Fisher. Imagine a Pensions' Board under a party man—Liberal or Conservative—with a Veterans' Association to keep him up to the mark in every constituency in the United Kingdom. Parliamentary control must be retained, but one hopes that in the final constitution of the authority, the working chief will be sympathetic, but not a partizan.

WHAT does the modern press record? I look through the latest arrivals of the issues of a famous and admirable Australian newspaper. I find column on column, page on page, of report and support of the conscriptionist campaign. I gather here and there, from the hinted obscurity of a paragraph that a handful of the baser sort of Australian workmen are anti-conscriptionist. Now the returns of the Referendum inform me that there happen to be over a million of these fellows, and that they outnumber the one great party and the newspapers by some scores of thousands. Is there not a similar misunderstanding of opinion here? The journalistic assumption is of a nation of fighters to the finish. Yet I am told that every week the I.L.P. hold about 150 large or crowded meetings which end in commending, unanimously or almost unanimously, a more moderate view of the war. It is by no means pacifism-

at-any-price. The liberating aims of the war are upheld. But the accustomed line is the double one that it is time for British statesmanship to get to work, and that its general aim should be a peace by negotiation. That is at once a step forward from the negative and niggling criticism of the I.L.P. of two years ago, and a step back from the "crushing Germany" school. This more considered attitude links up with the popular reaction which the harsher and more inconsiderate tribunals have produced. That that is no negligible quantity any observer of street talk and life can verify for himself.

MR. F. H. O'DONNELL'S death snaps for me my earliest memory of the Parnellite Party and of the Parliament in which it grew to its full strength. O'Donnell resembled the chief, whom he rarely followed, in his Irish gentleman's pride and conservatism, and the self-willed personality that governed these qualities. But there the resemblance ceased. O'Donnell was more of a journalist than a politician, and nothing at all of a statesman. But his accomplishments were considerable. He was something of an "expert" on foreign policy, in which he followed the Beaconsfield tradition, and enjoyed, I fancy, a little of the great man's patronage. A party Nationalist he could never have been. He had a tongue and pen touched with fire, and an address and appearance of distinction. But he shrank from the agrarian campaign, and he was altogether too fastidious for party life. He was an agreeable gossip of the Lobby in the 'eighties, as well as an acidly acute critic of the world of politics.

I SEE that the copies of Mr. Miles Mallison's play, "Black 'Ell," stored in Mr. Henderson's bookshop, have been raided, and its purport described in uncomplimentary terms by a Minister who has not read it. I find no ground for one action or the other. If Mr. Mallison's play may not be printed and read, not only is a sincere and moving work of art denied to the stage and the study, but the British people are forbidden access to a presentment of the soldier's mood and feeling about the war given in terms in which scores of them have already expressed it. The point is quite simple and natural. A young officer returns from the front, and the news of his having killed six Germans and of being rewarded with a D.S.O., has preceded him. But the officer, having seen and done the killing, does not enjoy the imaginative description of it. His one salient memory of the fight is that of having bayoneted a German, round whose neck he has found a picture of a sweetheart resembling his own. I can only imagine that the military fastened on a sentence in which Eric vows that he will not go back to the front. The soldier does not say that; what he has been trying to say ever since the war began is that the onlooker's uncritical joy in such work is not for him. Is that a fact about human nature, or is it not? And is a Christian nation to be refused all public knowledge of it, even though thousands of its citizens have verified its truth from the lips of their soldier sons?

I SEE that the third portion of Mr. John Pearson's unique library was sold at Sotheby's this week. The books were indeed so immaculate, so rare, so supremely perfect and so sumptuously bound, that they left me a little chilled. As is usual of late years, there were

practically no private buyers, and the more eclectic lots fetched fabulous prices. The first edition of Sidney's "Arcadia" (1590) went for £390; of Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms" for £84; of Chapman's translation of Homer's "Hymns" (1624) for £53; eight leaves of Caxton's edition of "The Canterbury Tales" for £51; the fifth edition (first illustrated) of "The Pilgrim's Progress" for £70; the first edition (1789) of the "Songs of Innocence," colored by Blake for Flaxman, for £205; the first English translation of "The Decameron" (1620) (with an exquisite frontispiece) for £116; and the rarissime first Kilmarnock edition of Burns's "Poems" for £450. In a sale of this kind, everything depends on the technical perfection of the book, and the bibliophile proper sinks into insignificance. And one cannot but feel the rather absurd inequalities and disparities of the prices. There was no comparison, for instance, between the "Burns" (a normally printed book) and the "Blake," either in point of beauty or literary significance. Yet the inferior overtops his brother by nearly £250! Or take the "Anatomy of Melancholy." The first edition (1621) is an ugly, squat, clumsy quarto, without Le Blanc's magnificent frontispiece, which belongs to the later and folio editions. The three folio editions, issued only a few years later, and also carefully printed by the Oxford Press, are incomparably more agreeable. Yet the quarto in this sale fetched £60, and the average price of the folios is from £2 to £3. An exquisite Dürer ("Apocalypsis cum Figuris,"—1511) with sixteen of his marvellous wood-engravings (size imperial folio) went for only £76. It was the finest book in the library—finer even than the illuminated Book of Hours.

I HAVE received more than one poetic expression of the deep feeling in Ireland which Mr. Kettle's death has awakened. I publish this sonnet from Mr. Cruise O'Brien:—

Brother, farewell! The bitter years that mock  
Our youth and all the promise that we knew  
Have made us desolate indeed; and you  
Are gone! Heavy the mem'ried thoughts that flock  
On our sorrow. Yet in that battle shock  
In which you fell I know there fell as true  
A Warrior of Ireland as that few  
Who bore high witness in a felon's dock.  
Yea! Always have men died for her—a Queen  
And an outcast—Many in proud array:  
Many upon a gibbet. So you chose  
The path our fathers walked in, and have seen  
The vision that was with them on their way  
Who died to guard the Secret of the Rose.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE WASTE OF LOYALTY.

AN Indian thinker and statesman, whose genius would, in any Empire, if he had happened to belong to the ruling race, have raised him to the highest station, used on one occasion an arresting phrase about our dominion. He spoke of the mysterious dispensation of Providence which had ordained that India should be, and remain under, the British crown. A smaller man might have been suspected of irony. He was too big for that. He meant exactly what he said: he believed in the inscrutable designs of fate and bowed to them. But a mystery there is. Turn to many quarters of the earth and you will



find, if you ask why our Empire endures, no mystery at all, but the natural consequences that flow from the reasonable working of policy and sentiment. We are justly proud of the superb response of the Canadian Dominion and the Australian Commonwealth to the call of our need in this war. But this response is the reflection of a liberal policy continued through several generations, which has respected the almost unlimited independence of these young nations, and has refrained so sedulously from exploiting them that it has left them free to protect their trade against ours by tariffs, and has never sought to impose upon them any contribution to the common defence of the Empire which was not a free-will gift. Given a common origin, the kinship of blood and a common civilization, there is enough generosity of human nature to make such a response as natural as it is fine. The loyalty of French Canadians and the South African Dutch is more remarkable; but here, too, the moral effect has followed from the moral cause. It is creditable to us that our policy has been liberal to Colonists of our own blood, but the wisdom which allowed the rise of a Laurier and a Botha to power is of a still rarer quality, and it, too, has had its reward. But indeed this whole war has been a festival of strange and beautiful loyalties. Perhaps there is nothing astonishing in the loyalty of the negro Askaris who have fought for us in Africa, or of the French African troops who behaved so gallantly in the early months of the war in France. The Askaris, under German command, seem to have fought equally well. These primitive races love fighting for its own sake, and the intellectual gap between their mind and that of the white man is so immense, that it is not surprising that they should regard an officer who is kindly and paternal as little less than a demi-god. There is no miracle here. The miracle begins when we turn to India or Ireland.

When Mr. Redmond described to the House of Commons the means by which the military authorities and the "garrison" had damped down the astonishing outbreak of loyalty in Ireland, the general feeling was one of bewilderment and indignation. If India had had at Westminster a spokesman who could have described, with the same knowledge and the same eloquence, the fate of the similar impulse of loyalty there, we do not doubt that the House would have been equally moved. What happened in India was rather more complex than what happened in Ireland. There was an anxious moment when the openly disloyal element, the party of physical force, did its utmost. There were extensive riots in the Punjab, a mutiny at Singapore, and a widely-spread and well-organized conspiracy, which was happily discovered before it had passed from schemes to acts. All these efforts, which may have had German backing, were promptly and easily suppressed. They received little notice from public opinion at home, and they deserved little. The marvellous thing, and the reassuring thing, was that from the declaration of war onwards the whole Nationalist constitutional movement in India, including even the Extremists' wing under Mr. Tilak, proclaimed not merely its loyalty, but its enthusiastic moral adhesion to the cause of the Allies. It was not content with verbal support. It asked to be allowed to take its share in the war. It appealed to the Government to allow open recruiting throughout India, and it offered to raise volunteer regiments for active service. The Indian Government could not see its way to accept these offers. One more or less plausible reason was given: it would be difficult to find in sufficient numbers experienced British officers who knew the Indian vernaculars. The reason was, if possible, more wounding than the refusal

itself, for it revealed the inability of the official mind to entertain the possibility that educated Indians might be trained to serve as officers of these volunteer regiments. With a few senior British officers (who need not have spoken any Indian language) and English-speaking Indians as junior officers and sergeants under them, such regiments, one supposes, might have been created. Do the French officers who train Serbs and Greeks and the German officers who command Turks and Bulgars speak the language of their men? The refusal to allow the Indian students at present in England to join Officers' Training Corps, raised, definitely, the barrier of race. Our policy is to use a limited number of long-service professional soldiers, drawn from certain races, which have come to take a kind of hereditary pride in the service. But to no Indian "regular" do we allow commissioned rank, and for a volunteer democratic army we can find no place, even in the emergency of this war, within our system.

An Empire cannot talk throughout such a war as this about its devotion to the cause of nationality without arousing echoes among its own subject peoples. Like the Irish, the Indians in the early days of the war took us at our best. They saw us as we then were, stirred into generosity by an exciting and momentous experience. Nations in the hour of peril and courage are capable of rising above a drab past. We were touched by the early exhibitions of Indian loyalty (as we were by the parallel movement in Ireland), and there was a chorus (in which the stiffest Anglo-Indians joined) whose refrain ran that in India nothing could ever be quite the same again. We meant in due time to be as generous as the Indians themselves. These debts to be paid after the war are accumulating all over the world: the liquidation in some regions may be an exciting process. The "new orientation" in Prussia, the liberation in Russia, the recognition of English womanhood and Irish nationality, the "change in the angle of vision" which Mr. Roberts promised in India—what an astonishing world it will be, when all these debts are paid! Unhappily, in such cases, the creditor too often has a longer memory than the debtor. A rather long bill has just been presented to Lord Chelmsford by nineteen of twenty-two of the elected Indian members of the Imperial Legislative Council. It is a moderate document. The phrase "Colonial Home Rule" has been much used of late to define the ultimate aspiration of India, and as a goal for a difficult and gradual evolution it is a proper ambition. The demands of the elected spokesmen of India (who include, be it noted, five Mohammedans) fall below Colonial Home Rule. They ask that half the members of Executive Councils should be elected Indians, and that Legislative Councils should have a substantial elected majority. They ask for the power of control over finance. But they concede a final right of veto to the Governor in Council, and exclude from the sphere of self-government entirely both military and foreign questions. Finally, they ask for the recognition of the right of Indians to enlist freely as volunteers in the Army, and for the bestowal of commissions to Indians on the same terms as to Europeans.

It is a large programme, and its details will require careful consideration; but in general we do not think that its conception of the degree of self-government which is possible and desirable at present goes much, if at all, beyond the limits of prudence. It carries on by several further stages the evolution which Lord Morley began, but there is no sudden breach in the process, and no change of principle is involved. To wide steps and quick marches we must adapt ourselves all over the

world. That is one of the consequences of the quickened pulse that comes with war. An event on so vast a scale as this, a struggle which seems to make frontiers fluid, and to throw nations into the melting-pot, must everywhere hasten the pace of change. All over the world our measures have been increased, our scales have been raised. We cannot drop back into the small measures of the everyday mood without creating discontent, and it may be more than discontent. Of the miraculous display of loyalty in India, we have seen fit to make no use. It is astonishing that an Empire which can call forth such loyalty should be governed by officials who are so little capable of using it or deserving it. Their tempers, alone, have felt nothing of the quickened pulse and the generous mood which came to the masses with the peril and the challenge. These are the mysterious dispensations of Providence. For the rest of us the hour has come to insist that there be an end of this waste of the most precious thing in life. No Empire can squander loyalty for ever.

#### THE TRUE PRO-GERMANISM.

SOME novelist the other day called upon us to destroy the statue of Carlyle on the Embankment at the end of Cheyne Row, and only a little later Lord Guthrie unveiled a new statue to him in Glasgow. The novelist wished the statue destroyed because, in her opinion, Carlyle was a "pro-German." Lord Guthrie pleaded that, in Carlyle's time, most people were pro-Germans; most of the few survivors had probably changed their opinions, and it was impossible to say what view Carlyle would have taken if he had been living in his maturity now. That plea appears to us to settle the question, which, in any case, is not a very important one.

Seventy or eighty years have gone since Carlyle's voice began to make itself heard. In that time, not only have our opinions about Germans changed, but the Germans themselves have changed equally. It was the Germany of Goethe and the Romantic School, of the philosophers and musicians, of idyllic life and holy simplicity, which Carlyle in his early manhood first introduced to England. It was the innocent and rather helpless Germany of petty Courts and æsthetic teas—the Germany to which some of our politicians urge modern Germans to return, just as German politicians tell us they would abate their hatred if we had the good sense to become Shakespearian Elizabethans again. Certainly, Carlyle idealized his own conception, just as Tacitus idealized his picture of "Germania" in reproof of Roman vices, and Madame de Staël idealized her picture "De l'Allemagne," so as to reveal the rotten state of France by contrast. Till the present century it has been the unhappy fate of Germany to be held up for our example as the good boy of Europe. Queen Victoria in her letters describes the Germans as "such a good people." The whole tone of Victorian society, from the Court downwards, was strongly pro-German up to the siege of Paris, after which popular sympathy was moved by the sufferings of France and the appealing pamphlets of "Dame Europa's School" and "The Battle of Dorking." There is, unhappily, no doubt that, in almost the last of his published writings—the very last, we believe, except his attack upon "the unspeakable Turk"—Carlyle, writing in November, 1870, was simply expressing the average English view when he said:—

"That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vaporing, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my time."

There is not one of all these adjectives which we should think of thus applying now, except perhaps "solid." But most English people of fifty years ago thought them quite the suitable description of French society under Napoleon III., and of the steadfast, old Germany represented to some by Goethe and Beethoven, to others by Blücher at Waterloo, and to others again by Grimm's Fairy Tales or "Sintram" and "Undine." If we are to destroy statues because the great men thus peculiarly celebrated have agreed with the general but mistaken estimates of their time, we must begin with Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square.

"Down, down with the French!" is my constant prayer," Nelson wrote: "Down, down with the French!" ought to be placed in the council room of every country in the world." "To serve my King, and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring; and if one of these little ones militate against it, I go back to obey the great order and object, to down, down with the damned French villains. Excuse my warmth, but my blood boils at the name of a Frenchman. I hate them all—Royalists and Republicans."

There is something rather consolatory in the thought that little more than a century ago the finest nature in England could thus write of the noble and persistent people by whose side we are now fighting. It shows that even the most violent national hatred is not eternal. It gives even "the Huns" an off-chance of future grace.

So much for the statues—not a question of great importance, as we said, for it makes little difference whether an effigy of Nelson stands on a column or an effigy of Carlyle sits in a greatcoat. They rest from their labors, and their works follow them. But some people still survive who remember what Carlyle's influence meant during forty or fifty years of last century; perhaps they themselves came under it, as nearly all thoughtful people of that thoughtful period did; and now the mention of their old master's name, and the questions raised in his honor or dishonor, turn their minds back to their youth, and, from the critical height of years, they re-examine the value of his extraordinary power and its meaning in that past age. They remember the time when they knew whole pages and chapters of the "Sartor" by heart; when "The French Revolution" filled them with far deeper and more poignant excitement than "The Three Musketeers"; when the "Oliver Cromwell" gave them the picture of a great Englishman, full of contradictions, orderly, rebellious, inarticulately eloquent, trusting to God and dry powder, perplexed in the extreme as he trod the solemn road between the stars and the fire of Hell; when "Chartism," and "Past and Present," and the "Latter-day Pamphlets" first showed them what "the condition-of-England question" meant, and how vain was the talk of leaping and bounding prosperity while that question remained unanswered; and then, perhaps, they remember discovering in the "Life of John Sterling" how sweet and reasonable a raging and indignant heart may become beneath the touch of friendship. Those who remember such incalculable benefits will not judge their old benefactor harshly.

At the beginning and at the end of Carlyle's long career two men of high distinction, far separated in time and country and genius, passed remarkable judgments upon him. In conversation with Eckermann, when Carlyle was not much over thirty (September, 1827, and October, 1828), old Goethe observed: "How earnest, how serious Carlyle is! He is a moral force of great significance. A vast future lies before him, and it is quite impossible to calculate all that his work will accomplish." And, in some speech soon after Carlyle's death, Professor Tyndall said, in his scientific manner, "Carlyle's influence upon the age has not been static—a stationary, limited,

and visible result—but dynamic, working inwardly and spiritually, in many incalculable ways.” Both judgments contain a central truth. It was his seriousness, his moral force, that gave Carlyle his power. Jeffrey used to laugh at it. “Really, Carlyle is so dreadfully in earnest!” he used to say. Some literary minds do say that kind of thing. But in the hideous age of distress after the Napoleonic Wars—the age of land-grabbing, of factory and pit development, regardless of the living implements, the age of Irish famines, and of Corn Laws, and Indian Mutinies—there was almost as much to make people serious as we have at present. And, to do the literary people justice, the greater part of them readily imbibed something of the earnestness at which Jeffrey sneered. In all that splendid period of English literature, between Goethe’s conversation and Tyndall’s speech, we should say that a depth of seriousness was the widest and most marked characteristic, and few of those great writers would have questioned Carlyle’s dominating influence upon themselves. Certainly, it was a dynamic influence, working inwardly, like leaven, and by incalculable means. It is very likely that few, if any, of his books are read to-day by our youth. Such oblivion hardly reduces his power. His influence remains dynamic, working secretly and leavening the lump, revealing itself in spiritual reverence, in socialistic zeal, in schemes of land nationalization, in contempt for wealth or birth without service, in a resolve to say with the “Sartor”: “Two men I honor, and no third.”

Remembering all this, we can understand Froude’s meaning when he said that to the Early Victorian Age Carlyle’s voice was like a morning *réveille*. But that warlike metaphor calls up the common objection that this champion of the workmen and the poor—this “apostle of work,” this last and greatest of our tender-hearted humorists, who could say of his “Sartor”: “Gleams of ethereal love burst forth from him, soft wailings of infinite pity; he could clasp the whole universe into his bosom and keep it warm”—was, none the less, a believer in militarism and force, and, none the less, spent years of precious life trying to make a hero of Frederick the Great as well as of Cromwell. Here lies the point where the true charge of “pro-Germanism” comes home, and cannot be lightly set aside. When the affectionate disciple has pleaded his utmost, we have still in the end to count Carlyle among that vast school of politicians who, from Plato down to Hobbes, and from Hobbes down to Lord Robert Cecil, have believed in government from the top, in direction by “Guardians,” warriors, philosophers, or kings, and in compulsion, exercised with consent or without consent upon subjects, whose duty it is to shut their eyes and to open their mouths to the gifts of heaven-sent wisdom.

Unhappily, we cannot forget how Carlyle, mingling a false philology with one of the silliest and most widely-extended illusions of mankind, believed in kings; how he struggled falsely to derive “King” (“König”) from “cunning,” clever, or wisdom-endowed; and passed much of his life trying, quite vainly, to discover some means of ensuring the appointment of the really capable man, or “hero,” to the kingly position which is his due. He searched history, almost in vain, for an example. Cromwell came nearest, but Cromwell failed because England was incapable of receiving a super-imposed Christianity, as she remains incapable. In Frederick he found fewer and fewer of the qualities for hero-worship; and his theory drove him out to all manner of extravagances—to the worship of Dr. Francia, and Governor Eyre, and, finally, of Bismarck. In England he actually at one time hoped for heroic governors among the aristocracy, because to him, as to all of us, good manners were

irresistible. His love of permanence, his admiration of strength, and his optimistic confidence that might is right solely because it cannot remain mighty unless right is on its side—all this drove him to a belief in the soldier—in “militarism.” On such grounds as these we cannot defend him from the worst that is implied in the epithet “pro-German.” In distrust of democracy, in advocacy of authority (which he would have died rather than obey himself), and in approval of military discipline and its interference with personal rights—an interference which he would have resisted on his doorstep—he must be called as “pro-German” as many of our rulers have now become. Yet from one common Teutonic error at least he was free. It never would have occurred to him to select his hero-king for being born in one particular bed, or on that account to entrust him with the life or death of millions.

#### TANGLE-TOWN.

At a certain stage in his development, man becomes unreasonably impatient of the straight line. The long lane that has no turning has such terrors for him that he seeks to shorten it by adding curves. He will surely have to come back to the straight line, and the expense of doing so will be as great as the present expense of squirming. Plain and simple truth will take the place of tortuous “diplomacy,” electoral justice will supersede the absurdities of the latch-key vote and unisexual citizenship, clothes will some day come in and the ornamentation of distorted figures go out. Possibly the time is now. Very recently, however, the indirect was so much in favor in these three and in many other departments, that it was thought scarcely decent to say anything against it.

Even now, we scarcely dare advocate the short cut in landscape-gardening or in town-planning. An error in sociology, religion, or morals is sometimes allowable, but heterodoxy in art is a far graver matter. So we merely describe the roads and ways and no-ways of Tangle-town as an old-world delight not likely to be exceeded or even approached in the imminent utilitarian age. The winding way is here at its best. If, when it takes you a little out of your compass goal, you imagine that a contrary twist will soon put you right, that is a false assumption, for which you have only yourself to blame. A curve cannot be followed by a counter-curve without becoming momentarily straight, and we’ll have none of that in Tangle-town. So, having strayed from north to east, if you don’t want soon to be travelling south, you must take the next turning to the west (if it curves northward) and leave it again when you think it is going seriously wrong.

Lest you should have too good an idea of what your road is going to do next, it must be understood that the maze is cut in deep pine woods that hide everything but the immediate present from view. Tracks, more or less straight, have been cut under them and through the bracken and heather by adventurous pioneers or very old inhabitants of the district. Sometimes they cut off corners usefully, sometimes they lead into deep dingles from which egress is difficult, sometimes they run up against the barbed wire fence that surrounds an unsuspected private domain in the midst of the woods. On the whole, if you have no compass and are not very sure of your direction, it is better to keep to some road or other, and ask your way now and then. In a short time these tracks will be closed by the builder, and the maze will be proof against violent solution.

It might be thought a map would help. The district is not entirely uncharted, but a reliable map is hard to get. The best is a German one, and that is too much up-to-date. The people who compiled it,



anxious to know what the maze would be like when really finished, went to the various estate agents and incorporated their projected roads; and so the map includes some here and there that do not yet exist even in the form of pegged outlines. As many of the roads that are there lack their name-boards, or are labelled at the corner in a way that does not clearly signify which board belongs to which road, one is a good deal worse off with a map than with a sense of direction. Sometimes a direction looms up that seems to solve all our difficulties. Not only is the name of the road given but the place to which it goes, with an arrow to put the matter beyond all doubt. In a short time, however, our road sprouts two or three fresh curves at once, and there is no board to signify which is the continuation of the one we are following.

All this happens, not on a remote Scottish mountain, but under the sway of an urban district council in the populous south. It is only about a mile from the bank and shops to the nearest tram-lines, or from the harbor to the sea-front. We have lived there a month with almost daily need to traverse the area in the first-named direction, but have never done it without getting a little lost, or, shall we say? finding some beautiful variant of the way home. Some of these we should like to recover, but in hunting for them only find new ones. Once we came almost all the way through purple heather. A few bees, survivors from the fell Isle of Wight disease, hummed among the billowy tussocks, perfectly matching the color with their foraging note. Gatekeeper butterflies flew before, solely in order to settle on the bare path and see how near they could come to being trodden on. Turquoise dragonflies dashed to and fro in pursuit of smaller-winged creatures, which also the sun-dew gobbled if they settled unwarily on their hair-brush leaves. When the path twisted too much, we left it for a bee-line, kicking out the fragrance of the heather and the resinous savor of little pines. Two nightjars flew up, soft-winged, and brushed about us in evident worry for their offspring, so that we thought to look for them and at last found them—very small chicks with mottled downy arms that will some day be wings. That way we have been unable to find again, except the nightjar place, after three or four tries. It is scarcely two hundred yards from the house we live in, but the straight way lies through thick brush and over barbed-wire.

One long, straight road runs from the station to the hotel—about a mile. Yes, a sandy bridle-path barbarously straight, and called, probably on that account alone, the Roman Road. It skirts a heather sea, runs through lakes of bracken, and cuts swift and sure through tall, over-meeting pines. Anyone who did not know would think that the straight road is by far the prettiest, when thick pines guard it and arch it. We wonder whether it figures as a road on the German map. It runs right past the place of nightjars, and even nearer our house, but it took us a week to find how to come home by it without going past home to the hotel, and then coming back. Now, it would be a better way home in the dark than some of the streets. We tried to come home by a well-known street route one night: came to a place where three roads meet, took the wrong one and wandered for two miles.

Lights were out, or completely shaded, in the houses among the pines; nobody was in the streets. The black velvet of night was above, around, almost under foot. Brain counted the turnings taken and preserved some sense of direction, but imagination had many theories as to where we might be. Would this hill lead to the harbor, a shallow sea, eighty miles round, inhabited by

herons, grebes, and all the water birds that fly? Would this turn to the right be the one too many that would circle us back to the starting-place? Would this curl to the left take us into the big town to the east, whose shaded lights gave no warning of its place? It brought us a gleam of sand and surf and the crash of breakers almost at our feet. Which of the numerous chines was it that we had almost fallen into? It was more than time to find some rare traveller and ask him. At last a pencil of light gleamed far away, where someone's curtains did not quite overlap, and we went up the drive and asked the question. A few more yards would have spared the ignominy, for the house we asked at was within a stone's-throw of our own gate.

Few summer birds come to our evergreen woods and our stretches of almost pure heather. Gawky missel-thrushes are common, and wood-pigeons and turtle-doves are here now, probably to feed on the pine kernels flying from the cones that crackle like musketry as the sun opens them or the cool of evening closes them. In winter the cross-bills will surely be here to scissor out the same dainties from more reluctant safes. A band of great tits comes along. The little acrobats show the abnormal coloring that would have labelled them a few years ago "Irish tits." A kestrel hangs in a patch of blue above the tree-tops, then slants to a better vantage and comes to earth, battling in unhawkly fashion to catch a fat grasshopper. A motor hums only a few yards away. We look and see only a streak of motion somewhere in the forest. Purple sunshine in the other direction invites to a moorland walk. Yet the blazing heather and the wall-thick pines are but odd-shaped patches between the eccentric streets of Tangle-town.

## Letters to the Editor.

### INDIAN "POST-WAR REFORMS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I trust that all members of Parliament will read with care the Reform memorandum submitted to the Viceroy by the elected Indian members of his Legislative Council. It is a remarkable document, breathing a spirit of reasoned loyalty to the British Empire, with a hearty desire to promote "an advance in the ideals of government all over the civilized world."

This manifesto of Indian aspirations recognizes ungrudgingly the benefits of a British connection: "The people of India have good reasons to be grateful to England for the great progress in her material resources and the widening of her intellectual and political outlook under British rule, and for the steady, if slow, advance in her national life, commencing with the Charter Act of India of 1833." Further, India cordially appreciates the advance made in recent years by the Morley-Minto reforms, which, especially as regards the Executive and Legislative Councils, gave the Indians a certain voice in the management of their own affairs. The time now seems to have come for a further development on similar lines.

Up to the reforms of 1909 the members of the Executive Councils were all Europeans, the majority being officials belonging to the permanent Civil Service; and the Morley-Minto reforms promoted Imperial solidarity in no small degree, when they mitigated this racial monopoly, and admitted into "the inner counsels of the Indian Empire" Indians of such character and attainments as Sir S. P. Sinha, Sir Ali Imara, and Sir Sanharan Nair. As regards the Legislative Councils, the object of the reforms was to extend the elective system, and obtain for the administration the benefit of independent Indian opinion, allowing to the wearer an opportunity of saying where the shoe pinches him.

What is now the position? India has borne her part in the great world-struggle, and now looks forward to a happier future: "Expectations have been raised and hopes held out that, after the war, the problems of Indian administration will be looked at from a new angle of vision." We hope and believe that these expectations will not be disappointed. Leading British statesmen have declared their desire to satisfy reasonable Indian aspirations; and it is most opportune that a body of trusted leaders representing united India (three of the signatories are ex-Presidents of the Indian National Congress, and three are ex-Presidents of the Moslem League) should have placed before the Viceroy a statement showing in clear terms the reforms which in their judgment are essential for the welfare of India and of the Empire: "We feel," they say, "that we should avail ourselves of this opportunity to respectfully offer to Government our humble suggestions as to the lines on which these reforms should proceed."

Accordingly, as regards the Executive Councils, Imperial and Provincial, they recommend that half the members should be Indians; and that the European members should be men trained and educated in the public life of England. As regards the Legislative Councils, they propose that in all cases there should be a majority of elected members, the Viceroy and Governors retaining their power of veto. Further, it is suggested that the elected representatives of the people should have a voice in the selection of the Indian members of the Executive Councils.

These are some of the leading proposals tending to produce that atmosphere of sympathy desired by the King-Emperor. But, apart from constitutional reforms, there exists at the present moment a crucial matter, connected with the military situation, which demands special attention from well-wishers of the British Empire, because it intimately affects the sentiments of the Indian people, and is derogatory to their sense of national self-respect. A humiliating sense of racial differentiation is produced by the Arms Act, applied to Indians, but not to Europeans and Anglo-Indians; by the disqualification of Indians as volunteers; and by their exclusion from the commissioned ranks of the Army. With pathos these representative members of the Viceroy's Council set forth the demoralizing effect of such restrictions on the civil population of India, and especially on the younger generation; and they urge that the Government should remove these "irritating disabilities as regards the possession of arms and a military career, which indicate want of confidence in the people, and place them in a position of inferiority and helplessness."

India is a lover of peace, but she possesses almost unlimited man-power, and her desire is to have her hands unbound, and, as a good comrade, to stand by England in securing victory for "the cause of justice and humanity in the international relations of the world."—Yours, &c.,

W. WEDDERBURN.

Meredith, Gloucester. November 8th, 1916.

### THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In endorsing the project of a League of Nations to enforce peace, Lord Grey indicated the nature of the "security" which the Government have in mind when "security for the future" is laid down as one of the objects for which we are fighting.

This notable advance in statesmanship has two important implications. The League to Enforce Peace is to include neutrals, is even, at Lord Grey's invitation, to be initiated by neutrals. When neutrals join the League, they assume the responsibility of preserving the sanctity of international treaties; this is, in fact, the main object of the League. It is, of course, obvious to Lord Grey that neutrals cannot undertake the responsibility of preserving the sanctity of such a far-reaching treaty as the Treaty of Peace between the present belligerents must be, except in so far as they know and approve its contents. Lord Grey's declaration and invitation to neutrals implies, therefore, the acceptance by the Government of the principle that the treaty which is to end this conflict concerns neutrals, and must be agreed upon jointly by belligerents and neutrals.

The second implication is that the Government have

accepted the view that permanent security cannot be achieved by force of arms, but only through the formation of the League of Peace. With the formation of the League of Peace, security—the main object for which we are fighting—will have been attained. With the acceptance of this principle the chief obstacle to an early peace is removed.

In view of these implications it would seem to be the urgent duty of the Government to secure the formation of the League of Peace, and—since neutrals could not be expected to adhere to the League without reference to the terms of settlement—to open at once a joint conference of belligerents and neutrals for the discussion of the terms of peace.—Yours, &c.,

EMILE BURNS.

November 8th, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is assumed by the American "League to Enforce Peace," by the British "League of Nations Society," and by Lord Grey in his recent speech, that any general treaty for the prevention of future wars must include not only a clause binding the signatory nations to submit all disputes to arbitration, but also one which binds them to resort to force if any nation should break the arbitration clause. It is said that without this military sanction there could be no guarantee that the arbitration clause would be kept.

Is this assumption justified?

In the present war every great nation involved has sought to justify its action by the plea that it or its Allies were attacked or in danger of attack by aggressive neighbors, and it is practically certain that no nation in which democracy has any power could be persuaded to enter on a war in which the plea of defence could not be urged. But a nation that refused to submit a dispute to arbitration by a court representing the whole civilized world would thereby be convicted of aggressive intention, for if its attitude were really only defensive it is impossible to believe that the court would not give a verdict in its favor. The only cases in which this might not apply are those of revolts by subject populations referred to in your issue of November 4th by Mr. C. Heath, and in such cases the military sanction clause would, in any case, be almost unworkable.

Quite apart, therefore, from the question (which I do not wish to touch) of whether war is ever justifiable on religious or moral grounds, would it not be better boldly to give up the idea of the need for military sanction, and to aim simply at the formation of a league binding every nation to submit all disputes, of every kind, to arbitration or conciliation, and to refrain from hostilities until the award has been given?—Yours, &c.,

LEONARD DONCASTER.

King's College, Cambridge. November 5th, 1916.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your very interesting and important articles on "The Appeal to International Right," and "A British Branch of the Peace League," have awakened in me a terrible fear. It is that owing to the prestige of the American League to Enforce Peace a large section of progressive thought in this country and elsewhere is likely to be stampeded into acceptance of the proposal that nations shall pledge themselves in advance to employ their armed forces in certain international contingencies. Against this proposal I desire, before it is too late, to enter an emphatic warning.

We are all agreed that the anarchy arising from aggressive nationalism can only be cured by resting nationalism on a healthy basis of internationalism. We are all agreed upon the important part that will have to be played by Arbitration Courts, a Council of Conciliation, and other more democratic international machinery. But do not let us mistake the means for the end. The real things we are out for are freedom and peace. By freedom is meant the fullest possible development of every individual and every nation. By peace is meant the undisturbed friendly intercourse of individual with individual and nation with nation. In so far as international machinery is a means to

these ends it is a boon. In so far as it menaces them it is anathema.

The vital and determining factor, I suggest, is whether greater international cohesion is to be brought about on a basis of consent or on a basis of armed coercion. Advocates\* of the latter urge that unless there is a basis of armed force with which to coerce the disobedient, there is no security for the enforcement of international right or for the preservation of international peace. I reply that it is precisely this security which is lacking under their proposed means of enforcement. They assume that where a conflict is breaking out between two nations, the pledge to intervene will imply that whatever action be taken by the other nations of the League, that action will at any rate be unanimous, and on the side of right. I suggest that this assumption is entirely unwarranted.

Up till now not very much has turned upon the attitude of outsiders to a conflict, and accordingly the diplomatists of conflicting nations have had no special reason to make their enemies appear to be in the wrong; even so, however, the apportionment of responsibility for a war has not always been easy, and history has often reversed the decision of the hour. But if the outside nations are in future to play a more important part, which will turn on the establishment of guilt or innocence of the parties, then diplomatists will spare no pains and neglect no ruse or artifice to put their opponents technically in the wrong. And I am convinced that whatever criterion be adopted, whether it be the old one of "an aggressive or a defensive war," or the new one of "acceptance or refusal of arbitration," or any other, there will be room for difference of opinion. This will necessitate a conference of neutral nations or some less formal conversations before an actual decision is pronounced.

Now if the nations participating in the conference are not pledged in advance to use their armed forces to support the decision of this conference, there is at least a possibility that the eminent men who will take part in it will be guided largely by the merits of the case. And their decision, though not enforceable by coercion, will play an important part in the conflict by weakening the *morale* of the aggressive nation and by depriving it of the kind of support which neutrals are to-day able to furnish.

But if each nation of the league is pledged in advance to support its decision by the whole of its military and naval resources, no Government is likely to allow its representative a free hand to decide on the merits of the case; but is certain to instruct him to be guided by its own predetermined intention to fight on the side of either or neither of the belligerents. Consequently there is little prospect of unanimity, little prospect of international right being upheld, little prospect of the threat of intervention acting as a deterrent against national wrong-doing. On the contrary, there is a real danger that in some cases at least the existence of the pledge will be invoked as an excuse for joining in an existing conflict where self-interest points in the same direction. In short, the result of the pledge will not be to lessen war, but only to reduce the number of small wars, while converting other small wars into big wars.

I have dealt at length with this question of the practicability of the new proposal because it is the side on which the promoters most pride themselves. But the proposal is open to many other objections. There is the difficulty of attempting to coerce any great self-sufficient nation such as America, or China, when fully armed for resistance. There is the danger that a League of Nations on a basis of armed force would eventually become a league of tyranny against which subject nations would batter themselves in vain. There is no space left to deal with these and other vital aspects of the question.

I would only urge, in conclusion, that we be not led away by the Will-o'-the-wisp notion that we can get rid of the use of armed force by the employment of more armed force. This would be to build up again in an aggravated form the old exploded maxim, *Si vis pacem para bellum*.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

37, Clement's Inn, W.C.

\*The League to Enforce Peace confines the pledge of coercion to cases of refusal by one of two nations to submit their case to arbitration; while others, including, I gather, the writer of your article, would like to see it further extended.

## A WARNING.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think it well to write to you to warn you, in your own interest, to be very careful as to what you admit in your columns. Reactionaries are on top and having their fling, and we are enjoying something very like the Spanish Inquisition in Holland at this moment. Your readers value your paper, and would not like to see it suppressed, nor can they contemplate without emotion your relegation to a plank bed and an unclean woollen undergarment. What you have rashly overlooked is a sentence at the end of Mr. Wilson's letter on page 179, in which he says, "The justification of the Conscientious Objector is that if everyone who hates aggression and detests war had done as he has done there would be no war." The chief portion of this sentence is a platitude to the effect that if everyone in all countries refused to have anything to do with war there would be no war. But are you not aware that an insignificant person named Fuller in the East of London has been prosecuted for merely asking to have a poster printed containing these words: "War will become impossible if all men were to have the view that war is wrong"? Are you not aware that the printer who was approached said he thought that was offensive, that Brigadier-General Child said that it was a perfectly true statement and a platitude, but that to say it was said by the Public Prosecutor to be gravely prejudicial to recruiting? He did not explain why it was not permissible to utter a platitude which might seem less dangerous than extracts from the Sermon on the Mount, which questioners in the House of Commons have already been told might well be the subject of a prosecution. Are you not aware that this unfortunate man did not publish this statement, but only asked the printer to quote for printing it, and when the printer said he must consult the War Office he calmly awaited the War Office sanction, not realizing the incredible folly of his present rulers, and yet for this unfinished proceeding he was fined £100 with £21 costs?

Your case is, I fear, sir, far more serious, for you have not merely contemplated publishing, but you have actually published a similar platitude. You have embroidered that platitude by speaking of the justification of the Conscientious Objector, when everyone at the War Office and in the Public Prosecutor's Office knows that he has and can have no justification. You have spoken of persons hating aggression and detesting war; but our present military rulers require us to admire aggression and to enjoy war. I shudder with anticipatory horror at the rounded periods and sonorous phrases in which Mr. Bodkin, with our excitable Public Prosecutor at his elbow, will denounce your unpatriotic and dangerous proceedings, and I cannot anticipate for you a less sentence than six months' hard labor. Be warned in time. Apologize for your offence, and permit yourself no more platitudes or truisms of that character.—Yours, &c.,

RUSSELL.

November 8th, 1916.

[We will think about it.—ED., THE NATION.]

## AN ARM-CHAIR PILGRIM.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Your article last week on "An Arm-chair Pilgrim" is singularly interesting. I see that from this one swallow you infer a summer, and anticipate that in the future we shall all be Catholics or Atheists. I do not venture to dispute your prognostication, for I am only too conscious of the superiority of your knowledge and of your judgment. But what causes me some astonishment is that you should utter the oracle so serenely, as if you rather liked it, or as if, at any rate, it did not much matter. I say, this causes me some astonishment, because I take you to be the chief organ of Liberalism, nay, one of the very few remaining organs of Liberalism in this country. As a Liberal myself, who am strengthened in my hereditary convictions by the unfolding events of the moment, will you bear with me if I offer a word of respectful expostulation? If your forecast is true, and our country drifts to a dichotomy between Catholicism and Atheism, is that a matter for you, as a Liberal, to regard with lofty indifference? Is it not rather



a call to you, as a Liberal, to bestir yourself, and awake from your magisterial impartiality on the subject of Religion?

Catholicism! Atheism! They are both the sworn foes of Liberalism. We are not likely to have better Catholics than John Henry Newman; and you remember how he regarded Liberalism as the worst enemy of God. The Church told him and all men what to think; to disobey the Church, and to think for ourselves was the radical error in modern life. How just was the perception of our sainted and martyred Stuart monarchs: "No bishop, no king"! The same tendency established bishops in the Church and absolute monarchs in the State. Catholicism will always be the support of legitimacy, and will hanker after passive obedience to the Divine rulers in the State, in order to justify the principle of submission to authority in the Church. Let me remind you what Lecky justly said, that it is difficult to over-estimate the debt which England owes to her non-episcopal churches; it is due to them that in this country liberty and religion were not, as elsewhere, divorced. He showed how the Established Church supported all the claims of the Royal prerogative, and how the complete denial of Christianity seemed the only escape from the tyranny which the Catholic interpretation of it had fastened upon us. I cannot think that you, as a Liberal, regard the drift to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, the Catholicism of blind submission to an unreasoning authority, with real approbation.

I am driven, therefore, to suppose that your hope lies in the opposite direction, in the growth of "a complete denial of the historic Christian, or even the Theistic, position." I may misread your thought, and if I do, I beg you to correct me; it would give me genuine delight to know that this is not your desire. For, permit me to say, that Atheism always is, and always must be, in the long run, the advocate of arbitrary power and the deadly foe of Liberalism. Hobbes and Hume in England, the Atheistic leaders of the Revolution in France, Haeckel and his crew in Germany to-day, serve to illustrate the position. Is it not inevitable? The Atheism, which as I suppose you wish to see, or at least serenely anticipate seeing, rule our future, looks out into this world and sees no intelligence, except the human, directing things. The Atheist must tremble with anxiety as he realizes that there is no power to control human events except men like himself. And, as the vast majority of men are morally weak and mentally limited, he must be staggered by the thought of this mass of bad and imbecile creatures directing the course of history. Inevitably, he seeks the dictator, the despot, some capable and responsible power, to take the wild dog of humanity by the ear. Men who have no God are therefore of necessity, sooner or later, the supporters of despotism. We must have some Government in the world; if there is no divine, we must find a human, Government; and if there is no *vox Dei*, we cannot take the *vox populi* in place of it: we must find, and deify, our Cæsar or Kaiser.

I beg you, therefore, sir, in the interests of that Liberalism, of which you are a genuine and graceful, if not impassioned, supporter, to do what is in your power to avert the dichotomy which you anticipate. The swallow does not make the summer. The arm-chair pilgrim does not really represent the spiritual pilgrimage of our time. We are seeking a faith in God, a simpler and truer Christianity, which will rest on the historic fact of Christ and on the genuine realities of Christian experience, equally removed from the allied scepticisms of Atheism and Catholicism. Why will you not help us?

The Master of Balliol said to an undergraduate who would not attend chapel, on the ground that he was an Atheist, "Mr. So-and-so, you will find a God by the end of the week, or you will go down." The Master was a wise man.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT F. HORTON.

Chesils, Hampstead, November 7th, 1916.

[Dr. Horton has strangely misconceived our point of view. We should witness either of the two developments with almost equal aversion. They were stated as tendencies of thought here and elsewhere. We thought that we had made it abundantly clear that THE NATION stood for liberalism in religion as in politics.—ED., THE NATION.]

## VOTERS AND WAR PROFITS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In view of the momentous issues that must shortly come before the nations for their judgment, there is one fundamental principle that cannot be neglected with impunity, and that is the well-established principle that any person who has a direct financial interest in the decision of a public question is not competent to vote upon it. In municipal bodies no contractor can vote on a committee when his contract is involved, no magistrate connected with the liquor interest sits on the bench when licensing questions are to be decided.

The enormous financial interests involved in the question of a cessation of hostilities necessitate a careful scrutiny of the origin of the present financial resources of many of those representing in Parliament the electors of the three kingdoms. The problem is a difficult one, for it affects voters as well as their representatives, but it is one that it is impossible to ignore.

There seems to be but one way of solving it, and that is that the State should take power, without delay, to retain the whole surplus profits of every business concern now earning more than, say, 7 per cent. net profit above the average of the five years prior to 1914. That would enable the Government immensely to reduce the cost of the war, immediately lower the cost of the necessities of life, and give a chance that the questions of war and peace should be decided upon their merits.—Yours, &c.,

COMMONSENSE.

London. November 5th, 1916.

## Poetry.

### MORE SONGS FROM HEINE.

Translated into Scottish Dialect by Alexander Gray.

(IN MEIN GAR ZU DUNKLES LEBEN.)

IN my life, sae dark and gloomy,  
Aunce there shone a ray o' licht;  
Noo the licht is dowsed, and round me  
There is nocht but mirky nicht.

Whan the bairns are oot at nicht-fa'  
They grow scared and fleyed ere lang,  
And they keep their hearts frae sinking,  
Crousely singing some blithe sang.

Ach, I'm but a bairnie singing  
Wi' the mirk nicht owerheid;  
Though my sang soonds toom and joyless  
It has eased my heart frae dreid.

(IM WALDE WANDL' ICH UND WEINE.)

I GAE in the wood, sair greetin',  
The mavis sits in the tree;  
He louns aboot tweet-tweetin',  
"O, what ails you?" quo' he.

"You're sib to the swallows, my cronie,  
And they should be able to say;  
Their hooses are canty and bonnie  
By the winnocks o' my sweet may."

(ICH HAB' IM TRAUM GEWEINET.)

I GRAT when I was dreamin';  
I dreamed that you were ta'en.  
I waukened up, and the saut tears  
Kept runnin' frae my een.

I grat when I was dreamin';  
I dreamed you'd gane awa'.  
I waukened up, and I cudna  
But let the tears doon fa'.

I grat when I was dreamin';  
I dreamed you were my ain.  
I waukened up, and naething  
Can dry my een again.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Soul and Its Story." By Norman Pearson. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways." By William Watson. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)  
 "Raymond: or Life and Death." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "My Life and Work." By Edmond Knowles Muspratt. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Fruit-Gathering." By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Leather-wood God." By W. D. Howells. (Jenkins. 5s. net.)  
 "L'Appel du Sol." Roman. Par Adrien Bertrand. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

WHAT does the rising generation read? The question has a bearing on the future of the world of books, and those of us who have been brought up under a rigid censorship will ask it with an interest not unmixed with envy. Miss Edgeworth, "The Fairchild Family," "Sandford and Merton," with their like, were our fate. And we were emancipated in comparison with our predecessors. William Godwin, to mention a bad episode in a good man's life, once laid it down that "Robinson Crusoe" might be permitted to young people, but only "if weeded of its Methodism." Yet amazing examples of childish precocity in the reading of that generation are on record. Take, for example, these extracts from the Diary of Marjorie Fleming, Scott's little friend, written at the age of six:—

"Thomson is a beautiful author, and Pope, but nothing to Shakespear, of which I have a little knolege. Macbeth is a pretty composition, but awful one. . . . The Newgate Calendar is very instructive. . . . Tom Jones and Grey's Elegy in a country churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men. . . . Doctor Swift's worke are very funny; I got some of them by heart. . . . Miss Edgeworth's tails are very good, particularly some that are much adapted for youth, as Laz Lawrance and Tarleton. . . . I am reading the Mysteries of Udolpho. I am much interested in the fate of poor, poor Emily. . . . Morehead's sermons are, I hear, much praised, but I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it or my prayers."

It must be admitted that some books in this list are not those that one would choose for a little girl. But if the present generation has travelled farther, it seems to have fared worse. At least that is the conclusion to which one is driven by an article on "Books in the Primary School" contributed by Professor J. A. Green to the current number of "The School World." Professor Green has made an inquiry into the reading of the pupils in a number of evening schools in the North of England, and he prints some of the replies he received from boys and girls from fifteen to nineteen years of age. Here is a typical one from a boy who evidently gives up a fair amount of time to reading:—

"I read two or three papers a week. I read all the tales in 'Chips.' I spent three hours last Friday night to finish reading 'Comic Cute,' 'Chips,' 'Favourite.' On Monday night I read 'The Jester,' and spend an hour on it. I read 'Fun and Fiction' on Tuesday, and spend half-an-hour. On Saturday I spend half-an-hour on the 'Express'; on Sunday half-an-hour on the 'Sunday Chronicle.'"

It seems to be pretty clear from this inquiry that the efforts to cultivate a love of literature have met with little success, at all events in our elementary schools. Whether Professor Green is right in putting down this failure to the fact that these efforts are "steeped in the atmosphere of coercive instruction" I cannot say. I have recently examined a number of school readers and other text-books, and I have been impressed by the advance that has been made in making the world of books attractive to young people. One of the objections to school readers used to be the want of relation between the extracts, and their general scrappiness. As an example of the new system, I may point to Mr. Guy Pocock's "The English Country Gentleman in Literature," a little shilling volume published by Messrs.

Blackie. It is made up of passages from our best authors describing country gentlemen at different periods of our history, together with chatty connecting paragraphs written by Mr. Pocock. This seems to me an excellent plan, and it is worked out in such a way as is likely to rouse a boy's interest in literature and to develop in him the habit of reading for himself. It is, in fact, at the opposite pole from anything that could be called coercive.

"GENTLEMAN," as Mr. Pocock admits, is a term not easy to define, but "country gentleman" does not present quite the same difficulty, and in his choice of examples he has inclined to those who, if combined into a composite portrait, would present the traditional features of John Bull. They are Chaucer's Franklin, Sir Roger de Coverley, Squire Western, Mr. Allworthy, Sir Henry Lee in "Woodstock," Sheridan's Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Goldsmith's Mr. Hardcastle, Washington Irving's Mr. Bracebridge, Squire Cass in "Silas Marner," and Mr. Wardle, the hospitable owner of Dingley Dell. I am inclined to refuse a place to Mr. Allworthy on the ground that, though a good man, he is an undoubted fool, and goodness is not a quality of which John Bull boasts, while he would warmly resent being set down as a fool. Sir Henry Lee, too, has more refinement and courtly pride than the part demands, but Squire Cass just scrapes in, because, though but one among several landed proprietors in Raveloc, his creator informs us that "he had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord." I should like to balance Mr. Wardle by another of Dickens's portraits, that of Sir Leicester Dedlock of Chesney Wold. And it is a pity to have none of Jane Austen's characters included. A good choice would be Sir John Middleton in "Sense and Sensibility," so happily hit off by Mr. Austin Dobson as "a diluted Squire Western."

JOHN BULL abroad is very different from John Bull at home, and it is amusing to turn from Mr. Pocock's little book to a study of "European Characters in French Drama of the Eighteenth Century," by Dr. Harry Kurz, published by Mr. Humphrey Milford for the Columbia University Press. A surprising result of Dr. Kurz's study is that Englishmen appear, upon the whole, to have been presented in a favorable light on the French stage at a time when the two countries were alien from one another in ideas and ideals, and when violent political antagonisms tended to keep them apart. The typical Englishman of the French drama of the eighteenth century has not the grace and amenity of a Frenchman. He is melancholy and sometimes morose. But he is bluff, hearty, and honest, and he is commonly credited with a sense of justice and a love of freedom. "As a class these Englishmen seem to be dominated by good principles of conduct," is Dr. Kurz's summing up. "They seem also to possess, in addition to sterling qualities of character, good minds and good hearts. Certainly, as the French audience proceeds after the play to the door of the theatre, it comments on its way, 'A fine race, a good people, those English.'"

ONE of the English accomplishments which French writers noticed with some envy was the Englishman's skill in using oaths and imprecations. One oath in particular is put into the mouths of Englishmen with a truly damnable iteration. Figaro, in "La Folle Journée," illustrates its universal applicability:—

"Diable! c'est une belle langue que l'anglais; il en faut peu pour aller loin. Avec God-dam en Angleterre, on ne manque de rien, nulle part. Voulez-vous tâter d'un bon poulet gras: entrez dans une taverne et faites seulement ce geste au garçon (il tourne la broche): God-dam! on vous apporte un pied de bœuf salé sans pain. C'est admirable! Aimez-vous à boire un coup d'excellent Bourgogne ou de Clairet (il débouche une bouteille): God-dam! on vous sert un pot de bière, en bel étain, la mousse aux bords. Quelle satisfaction. . . . Les Anglais, à la vérité, ajoutent par-ci par-là quelques autres mots en conversant; mais il est bien aisé de voir que God-dam est le fond de la langue."

Dr. Kurz's explanation of this reduction of the English language to a cursing simplicity is that the imprecation is "a combination of strong sounds, and in its expressiveness it can hardly be excelled by any other combination of words."

PENGUIN.

## Reviews.

## THOMAS HARDY'S POEMS.

"Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy." Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. THOMAS HARDY, according to some people, is greater as a poet than as a novelist. That is one of those mild heresies in which the amateur of letters loves to indulge. It has about as much truth in it as the statement that Milton was greater as a controversialist than as a poet, or that Lamb's plays are better than his essays. Mr. Hardy has undoubtedly made an impressive contribution to the poetry of his time. But he has given us no verse that more than hints at the height and depth of the tragic vision which is expressed in "Jude the Obscure" and the stories in "Life's Little Ironies." He is not by temperament a singer. His music is a still small voice unevenly matched against his consciousness of midnight and storm. It is a flutter of wings in the rain over a tomb. His sense of beauty is frail and midge-like compared with his sense of everlasting frustration. The conceptions in his novels are infinitely more poetic than the conceptions in his verse. In "Tess" and "Jude" destiny presides with something of the grandeur of the ancient gods. Except in "The Dynasts" and a few of the lyrics, there is none of this brooding majesty in his verse. And even in "The Dynasts," majestic as the cosmic scheme of it is, there seems to the present writer to be more creative imagination in the prose passages than in the poetry. Truth to tell, Mr. Hardy is neither sufficiently articulate nor sufficiently fastidious to be a great poet. He does not express life easily in beautiful words or in images. There is scarcely a magical image in the hundred or so poems in the present book. Thus he writes in "I Found Her Out There" of one who:—

"would sigh at the tale  
Of sunk Lyonesse  
As a wind-tugged tress  
Flapped her cheek like a sail."

There could not be an uglier and more prosaic exaggeration than is contained in the image in the last line. And prose intrudes in the choice of words as well as in images. Take, for example, the use of the word "domiciled" in the passage in the same poem about—

"that western sea,  
As it swells and sobs,  
Where she once domiciled."

There are infelicities of the same kind in the first verse of the poem called "At an Inn":—

"When we, as strangers, sought  
Their catering care,  
Veiled smiles bespoke their thought  
Of what we were.

"They warmed as they opined  
Us more than friends—  
That we had all resigned  
For love's dear ends."

"Catering care" is an appalling phrase. We do not wish to over-emphasize the significance of flaws of this kind. But, at a time when all the world is eager to do honor to Mr. Hardy's poems, we think it well to refrain from doing equal honor to his faults. We shall not appreciate the splendid interpretation of earth in "The Return of the Native" more highly for persuading ourselves that:—

"Intermissive aim at the thing sufficeth,"

is a line of good poetry. Similarly the critic, if he is to enjoy the best of Mr. Hardy, must also be resolute to admit the worst in such a verse as that with which "A Broken Appointment" begins:—

"You did not come,  
And marching time drew on, and wore me numb,—  
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there  
Than that I thus found lacking in your make  
That high compassion which can overbear  
Reluctance for pure loving kindness' sake  
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,  
You did not come."

There are hints of the grand style of lyric poetry in these lines, but phrases like "in your make" and "as the hope-hour stroked its sum" are discords that bring it tumbling to the levels of Victorian commonplace.

What one does bless Mr. Hardy for, however, both in

his verse and in his prose, is his bleak sincerity. He writes out of the reality of his experience. He has a temperament sensitive beyond that of all but a few recent writers to the pain and passion of human beings. Especially is he sensitive to the pain and passion of frustrated lovers. At least half his poems, we fancy, are poems of frustration. And they hold us under the spell of reality like a tragedy in a neighbor's house, even when they leave us most mournful over the emptiness of the world. One can appreciate how very mournful Mr. Hardy's genius is if one compares it with that of Browning, his master in the art of the dramatic lyric. Browning is also a poet of frustrated lovers. One can remember poem after poem of his with a theme that might easily have served for Mr. Hardy—"Too Late," "Cristina," "The Lost Mistress," "The Last Ride Together," "The Statue and the Bust," to name a few. But what a sense of triumph there is in Browning's tragedies! Even when he writes of the feeble-hearted, as in "The Statue and the Bust," he leaves us with the feeling that we are in the presence of weakness in a world in which courage prevails. His world is a place of opulence, not of poverty. Compare "The Last Ride Together" with Mr. Hardy's "The Phantom Horsewoman," and you will see a vast energy and beauty issuing from loss in the one, while in the other there is little but a sad shadow. To have loved even for an hour is with Browning to live for ever after in the inheritance of a mighty achievement. To have loved for an hour is, in Mr. Hardy's imagination, to have developed the sadness even more than the beauty of one's memories. Not that Mr. Hardy's is half so miserable a genius as is commonly supposed. It is false to picture him as always on his knees before the grave-worm. His faith in beauty and joy may be only a thin flame, but it is never quite extinguished. His beautiful lyric, "I Look into my Glass" is the cry of a soul dark but not utterly darkened:—

"I look into my glass,  
And view my wasting skin,  
And say: 'Would God, it came to pass  
My heart had shrunk as thin!'"

"For then, I, undistrest,  
By hearts grown cold to me,  
Could lonely wait my endless rest  
With equanimity.

"But Time, to make me grieve,  
Part steals, lets part abide;  
And shakes this fragile frame at eve  
With throbbings of noontide."

That is certainly worlds apart from the unquenchable joy of Browning's "All the breath and the bloom of the world in the bag of one bee"; but it is also far removed from the "Lo! you may always end it where you will" of "The City of Dreadful Night." And despair is by no means triumphant in what is perhaps the most attractive of all Mr. Hardy's poems, "The Oxen":—

"Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock,  
'Now they are all on their knees,'  
An elder said as we eat in a flock  
By the embers in hearthside ease.

"We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
Nor did it occur to one of us there  
To doubt they were kneeling then.

"So fair a fancy few would weave  
In these years! Yet, I feel,  
If someone said on Christmas Eve,  
'Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb  
Our childhood used to know,'  
I should go with him in the gloom,  
Hoping it might be so."

The mood of faith, however—or, rather, of delight in the memory of faith—is not Mr. Hardy's prevailing mood. At the same time, his unfaith relates to the duration of love rather than to human destiny. He believes in "the world's amendment." He can enter upon a war without ironical doubts, as we see in the song "Men who march away." More than this, he can look forward beyond war to the coming of a new patriotism of the world. "How long," he cries, in a poem written some years ago:—

"How long, O ruling Teutons, Slavs, and Gaels,  
Must your wroth reasonings trade on lives like these,  
That are as puppets in a playing hand?  
When shall the saner softer politics  
Whereof we dream, have sway in each proud land,  
And Patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand  
Bondslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?"



But, perhaps, his characteristic attitude to war is to be found, not in lines like these, but in that melancholy poem, "The Souls of the Slain," in which the souls of the dead soldiers return to their country and question a "senior soul-flame" as to how their friends and relatives have kept their doughty deeds in remembrance:—

"And, General, how hold out our sweethearts,  
Sworn loyal as doves?  
'Many mourn; many think  
It is not unattractive to prink  
Them in sable for heroes. Some fickle and fleet hearts  
Have found them new loves.'

"And our wives?' quoth another, resignedly,  
'Dwell they on our deeds?'  
'Deeds of home; that live yet  
Fresh as new—deeds of fondness or fret,  
Ancient words that were kindly expressed or unkindly,  
These, these have their heeds.'

Mr. Hardy has too bitter a sense of reality to believe much in the glory of war. His imagination has always been curiously interested in soldiers, but that is more because they have added a touch of color to the tragic game of life than because he is on the side of the military show. One has only to read "The Dynasts" along with "Barrack-room Ballads" to see that the attitude of Mr. Hardy to war is the attitude of the brooding artist in contrast with that of the music-hall politician. Not that Mr. Kipling did not tell us some truths about the fate of our fellows, but he related them to an atmosphere that savored of beer and tobacco rather than of eternity. The real world to Mr. Hardy is the world of ancient human things, in which war has come to be a hideous irrelevance. That is what he makes emphatically clear in "In the Time of the Breaking of Nations":—

"Only a man harrowing clods  
In a slow silent walk  
With an old horse that stumbles and nods  
Half asleep as they stalk.

"Only thin smoke without flame  
From the heaps of couch grass:  
Yet this will go onward the same  
Though Dynasties pass.

"Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come whispering by;  
War's annals will fade into night  
Ere their story die."

It may be thought, on the other hand, that Mr. Hardy's poems about war are no more expressive of tragic futility than his poems about love. Futility and frustration are ever-recurring themes in both. His lovers, like his soldiers, rot in the grave defeated of their glory. Lovers are always severed both in life and in death:—

"Rain on the windows, creaking doors,  
With blasts that besom the green,  
And I am here, and you are there,  
And a hundred miles between!"

In "Beyond the Last Lamp" we have the same mournful cry over severance. There are few sadder poems than this with its tristful refrain, even in the works of Mr. Hardy. It is too long to quote in full, but we must give the last verses of this lyric of lovers in a lane:—

"When I re-trod that watery way  
Some hours beyond the droop of day,  
Still I found pacing there the twain  
Just as slowly, just as sadly,  
Heedless of the night and rain.  
One could but wonder who they were  
And what wild woe detained them there.

"Though thirty years of blur and blot  
Have slid since I beheld that spot,  
And saw in curious converse there  
Moving slowly, moving sadly,  
That mysterious tragic pair,  
Its olden look may linger on—  
All but the couple; they have gone.

"Whither? Who knows, indeed. . . . And yet  
To me, when nights are weird and wet,  
Without those comrades there at tryst  
Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,  
That love-lane does not exist.  
There they seem brooding on their pain,  
And will, while such a lane remain."

And death is no kinder than life to lovers:—

"I shall rot here, with those whom in their day  
You never knew.  
And alien ones who, ere they chilled to clay,  
Met not my view,  
Will in yon distant grave-place ever neighbor you.

"No shade of pinnacle or tree or tower,  
While earth endures,  
Will fall on my mound and within the hour  
Steal on to yours;  
One robin never haunt our two green covertures."

Mr. Hardy, fortunately, has the genius to express the burden and the mystery even of a world grey with rain and commonplace in achievement. There is a beauty of sorrow in these poems in which "life with the sad, seared face" mirrors itself without disguise. They bring us face to face with an experience intenser than our own. There is nothing common in the tragic image of dullness in "A Common-place Day":—

"The day is turning ghost,  
And scuttles from the kalendar in fits and furtively,  
To join the anonymous host  
Of those that throng oblivion; ceding his place, maybe,  
To one of like degree. . . .

"Nothing of timest worth  
Have I wrought, pondered, planned; no one thing asking  
blame or praise,  
Since the pale corpse-like birth  
Of this diurnal unit, bearing blanks in all its rays—  
Dullest of dull-hued days!

"Wanly upon the panes  
The rain slides, as have slid since morn my colorless thoughts;  
and yet  
Here, while Day's presence wanes,  
And over him the sepulchre-lid is slowly lowered and set,  
He wakens my regret."

In the poem which contains these verses the emotion of the poet gives words often undistinguished an almost Elizabethan rhythm. Mr. Hardy, indeed, is a poet who often achieves music of verses, though he seldom achieves music of phrase.

We must, then, be grateful without niggardliness for the gift of his verse. On the larger canvas of his prose we find a vision more abundant, more varied, more touched with humor. But his poems are the genuine confessions of a soul, the meditations of a man of genius, brooding not without bitterness but with pity on the paths that lead to the grave, and the figures that flit along them so solitarily and so ineffectually.

#### A STUDY IN SURVIVAL.

"Raymond, or Life and Death: With Examples of the Evidence for Survival of Memory and Affection after Death." By Sir OLIVER J. LODGE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

WE almost wish that Sir Oliver Lodge had confined the publication of his memorial of his son Raymond, who fell fighting in September, 1915, to the charming letters from the Front at Ypres with which it opens. They reveal Raymond for what we take him to be—a brave, competent, and enduring young man, the soul of that manly steadfastness and kindness which furnish much of the best stuff of the nation. To these moral qualities may fairly be added directness and clearness of mind and the instinct of command. His father declares him to have been a good physicist and mathematician, and a still better engineer. He clearly possessed the simplicity of mind which yields enjoyment of life, while his tastes in music and literature seem to have been those of most young men of his age. We gather that he liked acrostics and popular songs, and was happy in the companionship of his brother officers. Love of home and parents breathes in every page of his letters; humor and the gift of practical observation in not a few of them.

Here, therefore, were a character and life of which any father might be proud. After his death in the trenches, Sir Oliver Lodge set himself to solve, with the assistance of a number of mediums and their "controls," the question of their survival after death. He and his family were convinced of their success; and his readers have no reason to complain of the frankness of the voluminous records of these sittings. Our feeling is that they give to strangers no further knowledge of the Raymond of the letters. Those simple and manly outlines disappear; and the medium through which the new Raymond emerges seems to us to convey, not a personality, but (so far as it conveys anything at all) a shadowy suggestion of the "common form" of

## A Selection from Hodder & Stoughton's Autumn List

### NAVAL AND MILITARY

**The LORD KITCHENER MEMORIAL BOOK.** Published on behalf of the Lord Kitchener Memorial Fund for Disabled Soldiers. With a Preface by the Earl of Derby.  
Fully Illustrated. 3/6 net.

**THE TIMES DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE WAR.** A Work for All Nations and All Time. Vol. I, Diplomatic (i); Vol. II, Diplomatic (ii); Vol. III, Naval (i); Vol. IV, Military (i). Other volumes in preparation. Price to Subscribers 15/- net each volume; non-Subscribers 21/- net each.

**IN THE NORTHERN MISTS.** By a Grand Fleet Chaplain. 5/- net.

**ENGLAND IN WAR TIME.** By Andre Chevrillon. Translated by W. Herbert Hill, M.A. With a Preface by Rudyard Kipling. 5/- net.

**MYSTERY SHIPS: Trapping the U-Boats.** By Alfred Noyes. 2/- net.

**CANADA IN FLANDERS.** Vol II. The Second Volume of the Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. By Sir Max Aitken, M.P. 1/3 net.

**THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN in France and Flanders, 1914.** By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. With Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo. 6/- net.

**HURRAH AND HALLELUJAH: The Spirit of New Germanism.** By J. P. Bang, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Copenhagen. 3/6 net.

**THE FLAMING SWORD in Serbia and Elsewhere.** By Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Illustrated. 6/- net.

**THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE.** By H. Granville Barker. With a Preface by Sir Frederick Treves. 2/6 net.

**COMRADES IN ARMS.** By Capitaine Philippe Milet. 3/6 net.

**THE DEVASTATION OF BELGIUM.** By L. Mokveld, War Correspondent of "De Tyd." The personal experiences of a Netherlands Journalist during four months with the German Armies. 3/6 net.

**A BELGIAN MISSION TO THE BOERS.** By Eugene Standaert, President of the Order of Advocates, Representative of Bruges. 3/6 net.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S BOOK ON THE WAR

# AT THE WAR

By LORD NORTHCLIFFE

Ready Immediately. Price 5s. net

All Profits from the Sale of this book will be given to the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England

**NAVAL PREPAREDNESS.** By Col. the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, P.C., M.P. 3/6 net.

**A VISIT TO THREE FRONTS: Glimpses of The British, Italian, and French Lines.** By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 6d. net.

**THE MAKING OF AN OFFICER.** By "C. N." 1/- net.

**THE BACKGROUND OF BATTLE.** By Dell Leigh. 2/6 net.

**STUDENT AND SNIPER-SERGEANT: A Memoir of J. K. Forbes, M.A.** By William Taylor, M.A., and Peter Diack. 2/6 net.

**THE WHITE ROAD TO VERDUN.** By Kathleen Burke. Illustrated. 1/3 net.

**IS AUSTRIA DOOMED?** By Countess Zarnardi Landi. Author of "The Secrets of an Empress." 2/6 net.

**ANZAC—SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.** By E. C. Buley. Author of "Glorious Deeds of Australasians." 5/- net.

**A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ANZAC.** By E. C. Buley. Author of "Glorious Deeds of Australasians." 2/6 net.

**OUR FIGHT FOR RIGHT.** A French Pacifist's Answer to Romain Rolland. By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. With an important Preface by H. G. Wells. 3/6 net.

**FALSE WITNESS (Klokke Roland).** By Johannes Jørgensen. 3/6 net.

**BELGIUM DURING THE WAR.** By Commandant de Gerlache, the well-known soldier and explorer. Translated By Bernard Miall. With a large number of Plates. 6/- net.

**BELGIUM'S CASE: A Juridical Enquiry.** By Ch. de Visscher, Professor of Law in the University of Ghent. With a Preface by J van der Heuvel, Minister of State: Belgian Minister to the Holy See. 3/6 net.

**ITALY AND THE WAR.** By Jacques Bainville. 3/6 net.

**THE ROAD TO LIEGE: The Path of Crime, August, 1914.** By M. Gustave Somville. With A Preface by Henry Carton de Wiart, Minister of Justice. Translated by Bernard Miall. 3/6 net.

**IN THE EYRIE OF THE HOHENZOLLERN EAGLE.** By Lilian Brimble. Illustrated from Photographs. 2/6 net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS, LONDON, TORONTO, NEW YORK

thousands of young Englishmen, cast in too slight and frail a mould for our recognition. Sir Oliver anticipates this objection, and quotes against it Myers's warning that all early attempts to connect a world of sense with a world of spirit are bound to concern themselves with "things grotesque or trivial or obscure." Be it so. But in that case have we not a right to expect some development in the quality of these spiritualistic impressions? Should not the souls of our dead begin to appear in finer guise as the means of communication improve? But they do not. The wrappings remain as coarse and as slight as ever. The Raymond of the letters suggests to us a joyous but self-contained temperament. But the Raymond of the *séances* appears very largely through the medium of a child called "Feda," who addresses him as "Yaymond," and whose recurring vision of him is not unfairly indicated in the following description of a dog of his which, it is suggested, accompanied him into the world he now inhabits:—

"He has brought that doggie again, nice doggie. A doggie that goes like this, and twists about (Feda indicating a wriggle). He has got a nice tail, not a little stumpy tail, nice tail with nice hair on it. He sits up like that sometimes, and comes down again, and puts his tongue out of his mouth. He's got a cat, too, plenty of animals, he says. He hasn't seen any lions and tigers, but he has seen horses, cats, dogs, and birds. He says you know this doggie; he has nice hair, a little wavy, which sticks up all over him, and has twists at the end. Now he's jumping round. He hasn't got a very pointed face, but it isn't like a little pug-dog either; it's rather a long shape. And he has nice ears what flaps, not standing up; nice long hairs on them, too. A darkish color he looks, darkish, as near as Feda can see him."

Let us take it that "Feda" has herself an objective existence. Must we not also conclude that Sir Oliver Lodge has an "idea" of his son's personality which gains nothing in substance or beauty by anything this child can add to it?

But then we come to the more limited scope of these inquiries. Sir Oliver's quest was for a proof of the continued existence of a personality that he could call his son's, and could be linked with the son he knew by "proofs" that only that surviving personality could render. These "evidential" matters are not, as Sir Oliver admits, of equal value. There are great masses of the irrelevant. There are other cases in which the explanation of telepathy (i.e., the communication to the medium of facts which were actively in Sir Oliver's mind or in the minds of members of his family) is not denied. There seem to us to be other instances in which a lead was (unconsciously) given to the medium by a verbal disclosure of the facts. Is there a large residue of cases in which only the supernatural explanation is possible? Confessedly, again, there is not; but we will endeavor to state it, with fairness and with a word or two of comment.

The base of the whole investigation we do not feel to be quite satisfactory. It is this: Raymond Lodge was killed in September, 1915. In August of that year the following message was received from "Myers" (the late F. W. H. Myers), through an American medium: "Myers says you take the part of the poet, and he will act as Faunus." This message was, we have no doubt correctly, interpreted by the late Mrs. Verrall as a reference to Horace's account, in the second and third books of the *Odes*, of his escape from death by a falling tree in his garden owing to the intervention of Faunus, the guardian of poets. The warning, therefore, would seem to be to Sir Oliver Lodge that trouble was coming to him, but that "Myers" would avert it. Trouble came, and the plain man would say that it was not averted. But Sir Oliver presses for a closer interpretation of the reference in the *Odes* to which Mrs. Verrall directed him. He insists that Horace's expression "*levasset*" suggests that the poet was actually struck, and that Faunus merely "lightened" the blow without warding it off altogether. Under this not obvious but possible interpretation he connects the incident with the spiritual "blow" which fell on him in the following month. Raymond had, indeed, fallen, but

"Myers" was able to "lighten" the shock. On this we have two remarks to make. The first is that the source itself is open to suspicion. Mr. Clodd has reminded us that the attempt to connect F. W. H. Myers with the communicator announced as "Myers" was a failure. Before his death the poet left with his wife a sealed packet the contents of which were known to himself alone. Mrs. Verrall, as a medium, endeavored to identify them with messages received from the other world. She entirely failed. Mrs. Myers declared that of "all the messages purporting to come from him she found nothing that she could consider of the 'smallest evidential value.'" Our second remark is that we trace little or no association between "Myers" and the new-born Raymond. The correspondence, such as it is, was avowedly carried on through various "controls," describing themselves as "Moonstone" or "Feda." We say no more than that the connection is tenuous and doubtful; and carried with it not a hint of the real Myers's grace and spiritual force.

But what of the few and slight "evidential" touches in the communications which Sir Oliver describes? Let us say that with regard to one or two of them, Sir Oliver and his family were so frank in their own disclosures of family affairs that little of importance seems to have been reserved for suggestion by the medium and his or her "controls." In one example of this kind a complete lead was given to the medium's mind, that of the "peacock." The family possessed a peacock named "Mr. Jackson," which had died. The bird and its nickname were both "communicated." But how? The lead was absolute. "Feda" was asked by Sir Oliver whether she remembered "a bird in our garden." "Feda" went off on a wrong scent. "Yes, hopping about," was her reply *sotto voce*. Sir Oliver at once corrected her. "No Feda, a big bird." The name, "Mr. Jackson," was then also indicated, though not as a bird. Thus prompted, the medium reported Raymond's reference to "Mr. Jackson," mixed up with "a fine bird," though not with a peacock. "Feda's" one original contribution was a hint of the existence of a "pedestal." The dead bird, says Sir Oliver, had been placed on a wooden pedestal; but here again he admits that this might have been "telepathic from me." If we admit this explanation, the incident is stripped bare of all the "evidential" value which was attributed to it.

Let us take again the evidence of the photograph, which is treated in great detail. Here again the medium's original statement was inaccurate. "You have," Lady Lodge was told, "several portraits of this boy. Before he went away you got a good portrait of him—two, no, three. Two where he is alone, and one where he is in a group of other men." In fact, the family had no such grouped photograph. Later on such a photograph did, indeed, appear, sent to the Lodge family by a brother officer of Raymond's. But "Feda's" description of it was partly correct, partly incorrect. She said, for example (on Raymond's authority), that one of the officers in the regimental group photographed was named B. (a common name-letter), and that the sound was something like Berry, Burney." There was an officer named Boast—a sound not in the least resembling Berry or Burney. There was a further suggestion that the group contained a man whose name began with a "K." There was no such officer. The most interesting suggestion, however, was a transmitted statement of Raymond's that in sitting for the photograph he remembered that "somebody wanted to lean on him." That, of course, is a usual incident in the photography of a group of friends. In two of the prints of the three photographs of officers reproduced in Sir Oliver Lodge's volume, it is possible to suggest that one of the figures seated above him was resting his arm or his leg on Raymond. In the third no such attitude can be discerned. But then other figures of officers, seated side by side or one above the other, might with equal truth be said to be leaning on each other. The statement, therefore, even if it corresponds with the facts, can hardly be described as an identification.

We can only glance at the other "evidential" points. Some *séances* are acknowledged to have yielded nothing. The attempt to induce "Feda" to reproduce through Raymond details of a holiday on Dartmoor, which might have been supposed to be within his recollection, is not reported as a success. On the other hand, the title of a favorite song of

\* See Shakespeare:

"The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed."



## Now that the Presidential Election is over

American affairs will be increasingly important and interesting to people in this country.

## The New Republic

the most vigorous and stimulating of the American weeklies, is the best guide to what is being thought and said on the other side of the Atlantic. It is progressive in ideas and independent in politics, and has been leading the movement for an understanding between Britain and the United States.

*Inclusive Subscription £1 a year.*

Subscriptions should be sent direct to

**THE NEW REPUBLIC,**

421, West Twenty-First Street, New York.

## THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

*for NOVEMBER contains Articles by*

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

**The Civil Strife in Greece.**

NOEL BUXTON, M.P.

**The War and America.**

HAROLD SPENDER.

**Ireland and the War.**

Viscount WOLMER, M.P.

**The Rights of Citizens and the Rights of the Church.**

SIDNEY WEBB, LL.B.

**The Coming Educational Revolution: I. Half-Time for Adolescents.**

Professor W. J. ASHLEY.

**Business Organisation and Public Interests.**

DOROTHEA PRICE HUGHES.

**The Novels of Mr. Arnold Bennett and Wesleyan Methodism.**

JOHN COWEN.

**Music Halls and Morals.**

EDWARD FOORD.

**The Greatness of Russia.**

JOSEPH WICKSTEED.

**Sea Power and Civilisation.**

CUTHBERT SPURLING.

**The Secret of the English Character.**

W. M. J. WILLIAMS.

**Some Notes on Public Finance for 1916-17.**

JOHN W. GILBERT.

**For London's Children.**

J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY. **The Old Men.**

**2s. 6d.**

*At all Bookstalls or Newsagents or direct from the Office  
10, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON, W.C.*

## NISBET

### TWENTY YEARS AT COURT

Illustrated

15/- net

Edited by Mrs. Steuart Erskine

Author of "Lady Diana Beauclerk," etc.

From the correspondence of the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria.  
(14 November)

### SCIENTIFIC DISTRIBUTION

12/6 net

By Charles F. Higham

A study of organised publicity as a medium not only for the distribution of commodities, but of ideas.

*The Book of the Day*

## ECLIPSE OR EMPIRE

By H. B. Gray & Samuel Turner

Boards 2/- net

Cloth - 3/6 net

This book has been written to awaken England. Its object is to inspire thorough-going and constructive reform in our educational and industrial methods.

There is no taint of politics in the book. Its outlook is national and its array of facts is unique.

The TIMES says:

"No one can read this book without being stimulated by the enthusiasm and patriotism of its authors."

The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN writes:

"Contains much good sense and is well worth reading."

The NATION says:

"A mine of well-assembled information."

### THE ELEMENTS OF RECONSTRUCTION

1/- net

Reprinted from THE TIMES with an Introduction by VISCOUNT MILNER.

The MORNING POST says:

"In his admirable introduction Lord Milner pleads for sober, strenuous, connected thinking."

### JOHN GALSWORTHY

1/3 net

("Writers" By Sheila Kaye-Smith  
Series.)

(Author of "Sussex Gorse," etc. (14 November)

### THE COMMAND OF THE AIR

1/- net

By W. Joynsen-Hicks, M.P.

22 Berners Street, W.

Raymond's (commonly sung at the period) was almost repeated, and the same may be said of a family nickname of Raymond himself. With invariable honesty, Sir Oliver admits here and there either the furnishing of clues or the possible existence of telepathy. His readers must judge what fragments of objective proof remain after these deductions. They will, in any case, conclude that the distinguished writer was happy in such a son, and in the fragrant memories of him which adorn this book.

#### FORTY YEARS OFF.

"Portraits of the 'Seventies." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. RUSSELL. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

A KEEN appetite for Society and a birthright of entry to the best houses in London have given Mr. Russell ample material for a central survey of the persons and opinions of forty years ago. Readers of his previous books will find in his recollections of the 'Seventies the same charity and humor, the same insistence upon spiritual and liberal forces as the true test of women and men; and it may be unwise for a reviewer to seek to trace any general stream of tendency in these notes upon individuals who were almost all alike in being within our narrow social and political pale. But the temptation is hard to resist, and the results are curious. Mr. Russell's memory, fortified by a diary which he has kept ever since he was twelve, indicates that the decade of the 'Seventies was a time when distinguished persons in various walks of life had a public vogue which they now enjoy only at second-hand through the medium of an aspiring Press. Newspapers were still dear, and Ministers were immune from the camera and the kinematograph. The means of publicity were the dinner and the evening party; the preacher drew his audience to the pulpit on Sunday, and in the House of Commons oratory still flourished, and the Lobby rang with discussion on the points of a peroration.

The tradition of generous eating and drinking, gradually refined since the age of Fielding and Dickens, was in full strength for the last time before the 'eighties introduced the simplicity which appears in "Punch" as a diet of lilies. A high proportion of Mr. Russell's subjects are recorded to have had a good judgment and a sound appreciation of food and drink. There was a corresponding furore for popular physicians, and "Thompson's Octaves" furnished to the patient a practical exposition of the way to preserve gusto and avoid gout. Above all, religion was a power in London, and the Samuel Butlers of "the same religion as people generally are in London" were rare.

Wilkinson drew tears and money from his crowded pews, Liddon was moving great congregations at St. Paul's; the exploration of East London was being systematically developed. Questions of dogma and ecclesiastical behavior retained their power to fascinate and often to embitter Society. Mr. Russell quotes Matthew Arnold's remarkable description of a reception given in 1880 in honor of Newman; the world then flocked to see a cardinal, and the Oxford Movement had not passed to the historians.

Side by side with sensitiveness on religious matters there were some callous traits which nowadays have at least taken a new disguise. A Radical of the Left and apostle of Temperance like Sir Wilfrid Lawson could declare that "no man is likely to be much excited by anything again who has killed a fox in the open with his own hounds after forty minutes without a check"; and Wilkinson, "speaking of permitted enjoyments," instanced among them the sensation of "a good horse straining between one's knees when hounds are breaking cover."

Hostesses and Duchesses and Divines recalled in these pages are important in the social history of this time of "sentimental ethics and poetical economics"; but one wishes even more to know something of the men and women whom the searching process of history is beginning to indicate as the great figures of the age. Mr. Russell is a faithful and informing witness. He sees a profound significance in the career of Lord Randolph Churchill, who divides with Bright, Parnell, and Bradlaugh the chapter called "Four Demagogues." "The spirit to which Randolph Churchill

incessantly and successfully appealed was the spirit which a few years later began to utter itself in the verse of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the prose of the 'Daily Mail.'" His estimate of Lord Acton is a high and a just one, though he seems to be wrong in supposing that George Eliot "might have had Acton in mind" when she wrote "Middlemarch." The novel appeared in 1871, when Acton was only thirty-seven, and by Mr. Russell's own testimony, "hardly anyone, at any rate during the 'seventies," knew Acton, or could by any stretch of false prophecy have described his life work as a failure. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain contributes a pleasing comment on Acton's view of life:—

"When I first knew him, he rented from Lord Acton a house in Prince's Gate, which, as was natural in a house of Acton's, contained a considerable library. When he left it for Prince's Gardens, I said 'You will miss the library,' to which he replied with considerable emphasis, 'Library? I don't call that a library. There isn't a single book of reference in it.'"

Chamberlain's views of the medical profession were equally characteristic and incisive:—

"Exercise was invented by the doctors to bring grief to their mill. They knew that men who went in for exertion would soon come to them as patients. When I was a young man I believed them, and I constantly suffered from congestive headaches. Now I defy them and am perfectly well. I eat and drink what I like and as much as I like. I smoke the strongest cigars all day; and the only exercise I take is to walk up to my bed. That is quite enough for a man who works his brain all day—and I mean to live to a hundred."

But Chamberlain was not a primary figure in politics until the next decade. He entered the Cabinet under Mr. Gladstone in 1880. The 'Seventies was the period of heroic combats between Gladstone and Disraeli, beginning with the first and ending with the second of Mr. Gladstone's terms of office as Prime Minister. Mr. Russell has vivid memories of each of the protagonists, and makes the most of his luck in having listened as a schoolboy to the debates on the Reform Bill of 1867. Disraeli impressed him deeply: "His mastery of the House on both sides seemed absolute. Compared to him Gladstone played a secondary and ambiguous part." In the next year Disraeli became Premier, and the Whigs essayed to comfort themselves with puns; for puns survived, and Spoonerisms began in the period of which Mr. Russell treats. There is a melancholy picture of Lord Beaconsfield's "general air of incipient paralysis," the upholstery of his London house, "his drawing-room paper of green with gold fleur-de-lys, and the crimson satin furniture," and the rich incongruity of his clothes; "in summer, when he was wandering about the woods and lanes of Hughenden, he displayed a velvet jacket, a 'fancy' waistcoat, and a Tyrolean hat." Mr. Russell is fair to Disraeli, but, "reared in the Gladstonian tradition," he finds in his great rival, "the greatest man, taking him all round, with whom I have ever been brought in contact." If he does not add much to Lord Morley's summary of the public events which centre in Gladstone's career, he confirms his verdict on such points as the marvel of Gladstone's power of work, or the high place assigned to his speech on the Affirmation Bill of 1883, when "the client was repugnant," the speech "imposing, lofty, persuasive, sage." But he can take a more detached view than a formal biographer of Gladstone's conversation or of the limits of his wide-flung interests:—

"He treated with equal eloquence the improvement of dentistry, the price of wine, the convenience of lifts. Lord Morley's chapter on his table talk is a faithful and formidable reproduction."

"... When a friend who was interested in the public health informed him as a most important fact that a leper had been discovered in Dublin, he only replied, 'Do you happen to know if he is a Nationalist?'"

We have refrained from quoting greedily from the generous provision of anecdotes to which Mr. Russell's poets and bishops and noble women contribute. He seldom surprises, though his estimate of Browning's poetry will shock this generation almost as much as the choice of Matthew Arnold as "the person whom I should most like to resemble." The photographs of his subjects are invaluable as a contribution to the study of the rise, decline, and fall of the beard and whisker, and as showing in such faces as that of the Duchess of Westminster (born Lady Constance Leveson-Gower) and Lady Somers (born Virginia Pattle) the most delicate type of beauty in woman.

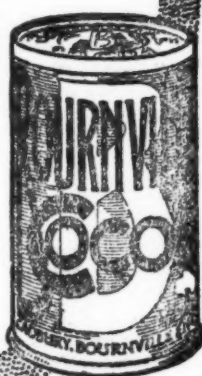
# Bournville Cocoa

"BY EVERY TEST  
THE VERY BEST"

"BOURNVILLE COCOA represents the highest grade of nutritive cocoa at present on the market; it fully maintains its high reputation in food value and delicacy of flavour, and is second to none in any respect whatsoever."

—The Medical Magazine.

CADBURY,  
BOURNVILLE.



## "PERFECTOS Nº 2"

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES  
(HAND MADE)

High-Class Cigarettes of superb delicacy, the result of a matchless blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco.

10 for 7½d.    20 for 1/3  
50 for 3/-    100 for 5/6

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are larger Cigarettes of the same quality.

For distribution to Wounded British Soldiers and Sailors in Military Hospitals at Home and for the Front at Duty Free Prices. Terms on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM

PE25 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

# MILLION SHILLING FUND

## Help for the Suffering Jews in Russia and Poland.

The magnificent response from the Christian Public to our appeal for a Million Loaves of Bread to be given to starving Jewish Refugees in Russia and Poland has greatly cheered and encouraged us. The

## RUSSIAN JEWS RELIEF FUND

is now raising a Million Shilling Fund to provide for distress amongst Jews during the coming winter. The relief provided includes food, clothing, shelter, medical aid, etc. The health of these poor sufferers has been undermined by what they have endured, and unless we can provide both food, clothing and shelter during the coming months thousands upon thousands will succumb.

We look to each reader of this paper to help, if only in a small way, at this time of unparalleled difficulty and distress.

## ONE SHILLING WILL FEED FIVE PERSONS FOR ONE DAY

There are millions of suffering Jews to be cared for. Your gift will be cordially welcomed and may be sent either to the Manager of "The Nation" or to the Hon. Secretary, Russian Jews Relief Fund, 122, George Street, Edinburgh. Christian Friends desiring to help may obtain collecting cards at the latter address.

To every donor of 5s. and upwards a copy of either "HOW THE TURK MAKES WAR" or "THE JEWISH PROBLEM AND THE WORLD WAR," both by Leon Levison, will be sent free of charge. These booklets are an enlightening exposure of what has happened and is happening in the East at the present time.

NOW READY. A new and important book, "THE JEW IN HISTORY," by Leon Levison. Price 2s. net, by post 2s. 4d. Can be had from Marshall Brothers Ltd., Publishers, 47, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., or from the Hon. Secretary, Russian Jews Relief Fund, 122, George Street, Edinburgh. The profits from the sales go towards the Relief Fund.



## MR. CANNAN'S NEW NOVEL.

"Mendel." By GILBERT CANNAN. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MR. CANNAN, as all serious readers know, has both written and discussed the theory of satire. No critic, so far as we know, has pointed out that Mr. Cannan is no more a satirist than he is an average novelist, without instincts and designs superior to commercial success. He possesses neither the rounded style, nor the sense of remoteness, nor the condensation, nor the perspective, nor the savagery, nor the ironical apprehension, nor the detachment—all of which qualities unite in generating the satirist. As a writer, he is the parliament of all the talents—extraordinarily sincere, hard-working, vigorous, a brilliant summarist and analyst of abstract conceptions of life, with flashes of piercing insight, richly endowed with a faculty for an unsentimental tenderness, very rare in these days of smartness, and, in his rather lengthy and ragged way, an excellent narrator. But for satire, he has no natural or acquired genius whatever.

These considerations are not so irrelevant to "Mendel" as might appear. "Mendel" is not a satirical novel, nor, so far as any artistic purpose emerges from it, is that, except indirectly, the author's aim. So that we have no justification for accusing Peter of not being Paul. But the point is that had Mr. Cannan that satiric heritage which so many people claim for him, "Mendel" would have been the coherent entity which it assuredly is not. The characters would have acquired a new distinctness and momentum, the frayed edges would have been absorbed into the fabric, the over-elaboration would have been fined down, the proportions of the book would have been preserved, and some central purpose imperceptibly and implicitly been impressed upon the reader. But let us get on with the story.

Mendel Kuhler is an Austrian Jew, whose parents have settled in Petticoat Lane. From his earliest years, he is more acquainted (to paraphrase Webster's famous lines in the "Duchess of Malfi") with sad poverty than the tanned galley-slave with the oar. From boyhood he has determined to paint, and through a young Jewish dilettante and Edward Tufnell, a young Oxford Settlement worker, gets sent to an art school. Thenceforward Mr. Cannan debouches from the strict highway of narrative, and hurls Mendel into all the giddy distractions and ferments of London "Bohemian" life. The book becomes a study of relationships and counter-relationships, reacting diversely upon Mendel's psychology. Later still, another definite narrative interest develops—the violent eruption between Logan, a North-country artist and Mendel's most intimate friend, and his mistress, the shop-girl Oliver. Oliver's sensuality, at first opaque and lethargic, then, as her power over Logan asserts itself, dominating and tigerish, culminates in tragedy. Logan kills her and himself to redeem his soul from the depths. Mendel's half-idealistic, half-amorous encounters with the "top-knot" (his phrase for the middle-classes) Morrison (there is a remarkable sparseness of Christian names in the book) are another issue. Mendel's ferocious egoism half allures and half repels Morrison, and she will not surrender herself until she has enlarged her vision of life. There are some extremely brilliant and suggestive scenes between the two, but they hardly reach more than a compromise—he partially allowing for her fine values, she for his devotion to an impersonal conception of art. Of their future destinies the author leaves us uncertain. Besides these more or less main threads, there are a number of semi-detached personalities, who pursue their pilgrim way through the story—Mitchell, the feckless English-gentleman-art-student, Golda, Mendel's mother, imperturbably waiting upon fate, and the best character in the book; Mr. Kuit, the picturesque burglar; Jacob, Mendel's father, a disciplinarian, and royally contemptuous of sentimental and huckstering Christians (*sic*). Mr. Tilney Tysol, a ludicrous Mæcenas; Jessie Petrie, the model and "a child of nature," and others.

So much for the skeleton of a longish book and actually without any anatomy in it at all. For readers of *THE NATION* to ask for a complete and consistent judgment of it is really too much for the present writer. It is hardly a novel at all—rather a casual accumulation of rough drafts of acute criticisms and observations about the artistic life. And what are we to think of Mendel and Logan, the protagonists in the drama? What does Mr. Cannan mean us to think?

Take the latter. Our feeling about him is that he is a preposterous windbag, a Thraso of self-righteousness, an inarticulate boomster, pounding the big drum, and now and again striking out an accidental truth from the sheer frenzy of his rhetorical tattoos. But we do not believe that such is Mr. Cannan's purpose. Otherwise, the intrinsic meaning of his spiritual conflict with, and ultimate triumph over Oliver is lost, or at least much depreciated. And Mr. Cannan makes extremely powerful play with this conflict. There is a terrible and passionate reality in Oliver's grim fleshliness and Logan's gradual deterioration. But the noble element of tragedy is destroyed if Logan is the mere water-spout we feel him. The conflict is not worth while. How, then, does Mr. Cannan conceive him? What does he mean us to think? As for Mendel himself, he is not an individual so much as an æolian harp (without the melody), beaten upon by the conflicting winds of passion, abortive ideas, fragmentary impulses, furious desires, swift vulgarities, gloomy reactions, unformulated artistic ideals, and predatory instincts. Now, "the pieces he painted with such soothing ease were generally admired and readily bought"; now he is captivated by Cézanne; now he rails at the "abstract" views of the Cubists and Futurists; now he is a traditionalist; now, thanks to Logan, the prophet of a new art (undefined); now "'solid' was his great word, and he used it in many senses." We cannot, for the life of us, guess what he is ultimately driving at in art. Mr. Cannan is here partly embarrassed by the choice of his material. He writes about a painter who is a genius, but we have to take the genius for granted.

Of course, Mr. Cannan may very well say that the distracted, violent, uncouth, immature, dissipated and aspiring Mendel is a picture of life. "That is what life is, a surge of base and beautiful forces, intensified in the consciousness of man," he may say. If so, he has pursued a fallacy. Life is like that, but it is the business of the artist to give it shape and order, to weld its particles into congruity. And here is where Mr. Cannan's lack of constructive or satiric purpose tells to his hurt. He leaves life ragged and in the raw, but the satirist would draw a definite outline round it. Without it, he wanders in the dark, and we blunder after him. But a satiric purpose would have settled things in their place and given them light, even if it were only from a tallow candle. And so, in spite of the sincerity, brilliance, effort, power, ambition, and many beauties of "Mendel," as a work of art it is a failure.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Giordano Bruno: His Life, Thought, and Martyrdom." By WILLIAM BOULTING. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is an admirable biography of Bruno (Giordano is his monkish name), mingling very skilfully both philosophic interpretation and direct narrative. It describes Bruno's travels through Italy (he was born at Nola), his experiences at Geneva, Lyons, and Toulouse; his sojourn in Paris, where he lived in the security of Henry II.'s favor; his visits to Oxford and London, where he enjoyed the interest of Elizabeth and the friendship of Sidney and Fulke Greville; his return to Paris; his philosophic mission at Wittenberg, Prague, and Helmstedt, and his taking refuge at Venice, where the political jealousy of the Signiory kept the encroachments of the Vatican at bay. But he did not escape the fanaticism of the Inquisition, and the last chapter is devoted to a singularly vivid account of the trial and Bruno's defence against his accusers. Particularly good are the philosophical portions, and Mr. Boulting carefully analyzes the various strata of thought to which Bruno was indebted. The Neo-Platonists, of course, were his direct inspiration, but he studied the early fathers, the Alexandrian mystics, Raymond Tully, and Cusanus (whose declared pupil in thought he was), Aristotle, Augustine, and Aquinas. It would not be far-fetched to say of Bruno that he elaborated and made reasonable and scientific by his immense powers of original thought the mystical revelations of Plotinus.

Orders can now be booked.

# MAXIMS

OF THE  
Late BISHOP KING,  
OF LINCOLN,  
KALENDAR.

Owing to the great demand for this Kalendar last year, many of our customers were disappointed on account of the limited edition we printed being sold out long before Christmas.

In order to avoid any disappointment this year, we have made arrangements for an increased issue, and the Kalendar will be on sale from October 1st.

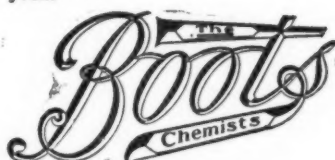
This year's Kalendar is a great improvement upon the one we produced last season, and will comprise three hundred and sixty-five quotations of Bishop King, from his Letters, Speeches, and Sermons, arranged to follow the course of the Church's year.

It will be artistically printed, with the Diocesan Arms and the portrait of the late Bishop, altogether making an ideal Christmas Gift.

PRICE 1/3 EACH.

Postage extra.

Obtainable from



BOOK DEPOT,  
LINCOLN,  
and all their  
555 BRANCHES.

Published by Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Station Street, Nottingham.

**BIBLES AND  
PRAYER BOOKS  
For PRIZES, &c.**

**The London Bible Warehouse,  
22, Paternoster Row, E.C.,**

Have the Largest and best Selection in London.  
We specialise in Bibles, Prayer Books, Church  
Services, etc., for Clergy, Congregation, and the  
Children.

Please write, 'phone, or call. List sent post free  
TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 399.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY

is holding, under the Patronage of  
THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN,  
the 11th EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ARTS  
AND CRAFTS  
at the ROYAL ACADEMY.

DAILY TILL NOVEMBER 25th, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.  
ADMISSION 1/-

President—H. WILSON.  
Hon. Secretary—Professor E. S. PRIOR, A.R.A.

## Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds	:	:	:	:	£94,000,000
Claims Paid	:	:	:	:	£126,000,000

The "first luxury" of a man  
on leave is a Mustard Bath  
—a bath to which has been  
added a tablespoonful or so  
of mustard. It soaks out the  
grime of the trenches and  
soaks in the tonic properties  
of the mustard.



**Colman's  
Mustard Bath** "Let Mustard Mustard  
prepare your bath."

S.H.B.

**"Theodore Roosevelt: The Logic of his Career." By CHARLES G. WASHBURN. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)**

THE writer of this biographical study was at Harvard with Mr. Roosevelt forty years ago, and has lived on intimate terms with him ever since. He has some interesting comments to make upon the character and career of his friend, but he does not unfold anything that can be called "logic," or even succeed in tracing any clear thread of political purpose in the public conduct of this most impetuous of men. He seems chiefly concerned to prove that Mr. Roosevelt has never been a politician. By this he means, first, that he has not been a good party man, and, secondly, that he has not kow-towed to popular prejudices on the one hand and "high-brow" respectabilities on the other. All this is doubtless true. No mere politician would have invited Booker Washington to lunch in the White House; no candidate seeking to conciliate solid Eastern voters would have advocated the recall of judges, as did Mr. Roosevelt four years ago. Mr. Washburn quotes with approval Mr. Roosevelt's description of himself as "a Radical Democrat." But in practical politics he has always claimed the right to act autocratically whenever any "cause of righteousness" came up, as, for example, in the seizure of Panama. There is also the characteristic method of justification by ability, as illustrated by his own account of the Panama affair: "I had to act quickly, and I did—and we are now building the Canal." This arbitrary temper is, however, combined with a real capacity of comradeship on equal terms with all sorts of men.

**"The Soul of Russia." Edited by WINIFRED STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)**

THIS book, a successor to the same editor's "The Book of France," is at once an effort to give English people some knowledge of Russia and a means of raising funds for the Union of Zemstvos, for distribution among sufferers from the war. In its first aim, at all events, it is a decided success. Russian art, literature, folk-lore, social life, and other topics are discussed by competent authorities, most of them Russian, though writers like Mr. Maurice Baring, Dr. Hagberg Wright, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mrs. Newmarch, and Mr. Robert Steele are among the number. Two unexpected contributors are Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose essay on "The English Blunder About Russia" is characteristic, and Mr. Arnold Bennett, who writes on "Adventures in Russian Fiction." The book is handsomely produced, and strikes us as perhaps the best of the many war-books that have been brought out with a charitable aim. Quite apart from its appeal to those who would like to help the Russian charity, it contains a mass of information which it would be difficult to obtain from any other source.

**"Moonbeams and the Larger Lunacy." By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)**

WE confess to a certain lack of appreciation of Mr. Leacock's fantasies. They are so entirely without literary delicacy or dexterity. His parodies and satires are so obviously inferior to those of Mr. Squire, who, using more or less the same material, is so much more of a genuine and sensitive wit. This kind of thing, for instance, from a mock "Who's Who?":—"Much, O, Absolute, novelist . . . Educ: Muckendorff, leaped into prominence by writing 'The Social Gas-Pipe,' a powerful indictment of modern society, written in revenge for not being invited to dinner." You can hardly call this rapier-play. Perhaps we moderns are too sophisticated for the honest thwack of the blunderbuss.

**"The Red Horizon." By PATRICK MACGILL. (Jenkins. 6s.)**

MR. MACGILL'S series of war sketches contains pen-portraits of the Irish regiment to which Mr. MacGill belongs on the way to the front, in the trenches, resting in its billets, and so on, with dialogues and little pieces of characterization of the individuals in the author's company. That these sketches are alert, vivacious, and first-hand, we may readily allow. But they are also purely impressionistic, as though Mr. MacGill, though actually in the firing line himself, could not avoid giving them a kind of home journalistic flavor. They are very little superior in fact to the quick-fire opportunistic sort of work we are accustomed to see in the daily papers.

## The Week in the City.

THERE have been no developments of any importance in either the Money or Stock Markets. The news that a war tax on rubber is to be levied by the Dutch Government and the decision about excess profits duty caused weakness in rubber shares at the end of last month. A rise in the price of raw rubber during the last few days has helped to bring about a recovery, and the Excess Profits Tax is said to have shown that anxiety was overdone. Meanwhile, the yield of the Excess Profits Duty has actually risen about four millions for the past week, so that we are really getting something back out of profiteering. The stream of investment is now going into Exchequer Bonds, though the amount for last week (12½ millions) is hardly adequate. The Consol Market has shown a better tendency, and hopes are expressed by members that the much desired Conversion Loan will appear before long. It seems hardly credible, however, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would propose a free-of-income-tax loan; for that would put an end to taxation at the source, so far as the National Debt is concerned. On Wednesday, American railway prices were raised on the assumption that Mr. Hughes, the Republican, and therefore the Wall Street candidate, had been elected. The new French Loan has been active with the scrip at a premium of 1½.

### THE A.B.C.'S YEAR.

A short while ago there was a severe slump in Aerated Bread Company's shares, for it was announced that there would be no final dividend, the total distribution for the year remaining at 5 per cent. Since then there has been a certain recovery in the quotation, which the report now to hand to a certain extent justifies. Net profits for the year ended September 30th last have declined from £36,003 to £17,080, but this is due to the rise in expenses rather than to any falling-off in business, for the gross profit on trading was £11,000 higher at £299,434. Customers and not the Company have therefore suffered from the rise in food prices, but the increase in wages and war bonuses has seriously diminished the net profit. After writing off £8,000 for depreciation and £3,764 for loss on investments realized, the balance carried forward is reduced by £2,600. The loss on the sale of investments refers to the realization of £23,104 Consols and £42,700 War Loan, investments now standing in the balance-sheet at £16,289, as compared with £70,027 a year ago. The loan from bankers has been reduced by £10,200, to £25,000, and cash is £4,000 higher at £13,229.

### BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC REPORT.

The report of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Co. which has now appeared shows that the dividend on the Ordinary Stock will be paid without encroaching on the balance brought forward. In the first place, the increase in gross receipts was far larger than the published figures showed, and amounted to £116,100, while expenses were only £46,300 higher in spite of an increase of £104,000 in the fuel bill, so that operating revenue increased by £69,800. Secondly, interest and profits from subsidiaries, &c., brought in no less than £94,800 more; and, thirdly, last year's special expenditure of £40,800 in repairing damage caused by floods is saved. Income-tax is reduced from £22,200 to £9,400, but the full preference dividend takes £21,700 more than last year's distribution. The Ordinary dividend of 1 per cent. absorbs £100,000, leaving £324,300, or £6,300 more to be carried forward.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAFFICS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway's gross earnings for the last ten days of October show a decline of £170,000, and this follows a decrease in the previous week of £136,000. The figures, however, are not as significant as might be imagined at first sight, for the aggregate increase to date amounts to no less than \$10,341,000. The decline is easily explained by the fact that for the second half of October, 1915, there was an increase of \$2,755,000, showing that this year's decline of \$306,000, leaves the total \$2,449,000 higher than the corresponding 1914 figure.

LUCCELLUM.



